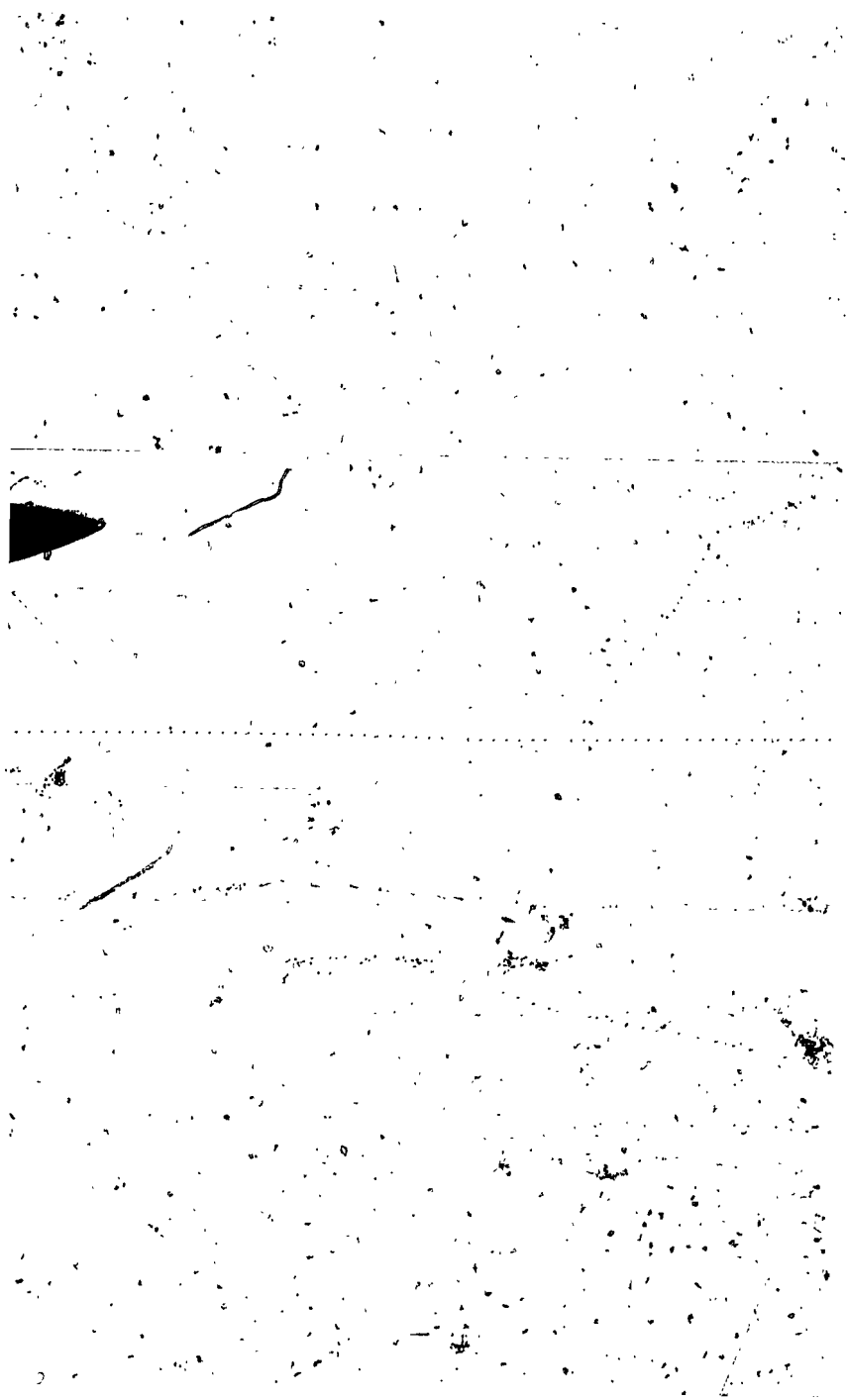


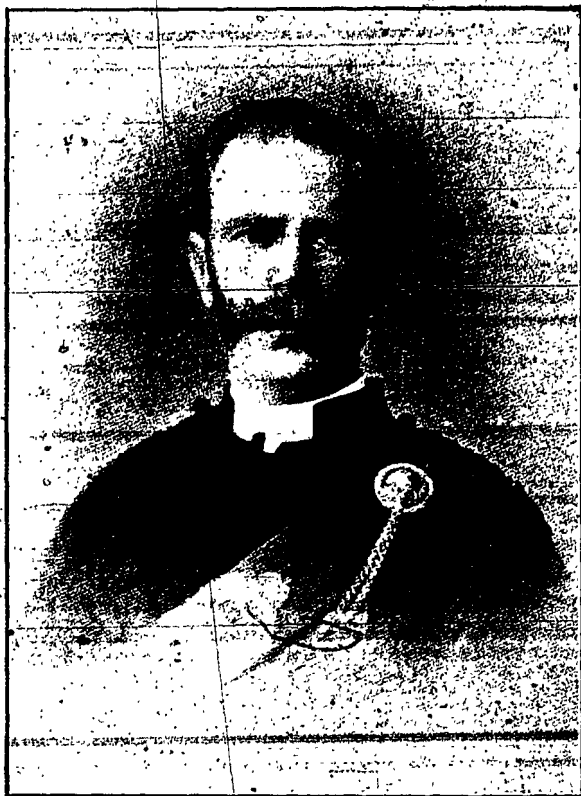


LLOYDMINSTER



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*is gratefully made to the Board of Trade in
Lloydminster and its able Secretary—W. H.
Holland, Esq.—for assistance in compilation
and use of photographs.—THE AUTHOR.*



THE REV. G. E. LLOYD, M.A.
(As Chaplain, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada).
(Bishop of Saskatchewan).

*Rev. Lloyd (when the story opens) as a clergyman,
was Chaplain to Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.*

*The Rev. Lloyd became Bishop of Saskatchewan
in 1922.*

LLOYDMINSTER

OR 5,000 MILES WITH THE BARR
COLONISTS

By

J. HANNA McCORMICK, D.S.O.,

Lieut. Col. of Constabulary.

Author of "Annals of the Barristers."

in no 2 5-4 37

*"Life's greatest art, learned through its hardest knocks,
Is to make stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks."*

THE LLOYDMINSTER
OF COLONISTS

LONDON:

DRANE'S (YE OLDE ST. BRIDES PRESSE)
82a FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

F
5698
L6M33

London:
Drane's
Farringdon Street, E.C.

RAYMOND GURLEY
ADAMS & CO

25437°

To my revered

MOTHER

*And the Mothers of those sturdy sons
of the West, whose courage and enter-
prise made possible the prosperity of a
country, this volume is respectfully
inscribed.*



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LETTER FROM THE HONOURABLE GEORGE
J LANGLEY,

MINISTER OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS, SASK.

REGINA, SASK.

February 25th, 1920.

DEAR SIR,

This is the first opportunity I have had to reply to your very interesting letter of the 27th ultimo.

Looking back upon my experiences with the men and women who formed what was known as "The Barr Colony," I have often thought that the arrival in Canada of so large and important a gathering of men and women for the purpose of taking up settlement in Western Canada deserved a lasting record. My meeting with them when they arrived at Saskatoon, my journey in their company over the two hundred miles of prairie to what is now Lloydminster, the friendly acquaintance I made with nearly every one of them, made a deep impression on my mind at the time. I was struck with their unusual intelligence, placing them as immigrants in a class by themselves. Their patient endurance of conditions that were entirely novel and often very trying, the almost limitless expanse of the prairie, which to those brought up in the limited locations of the Old Country is often bewildering; added to these things the fact that these people, who, for the most part, had left comfortable and well-furnished homes, found themselves in a sort of No Man's Land, with the work ahead of them of building a habitation and then cultivating sufficient land to give them a promise of subsistence, raised within me a desire to render them every assistance I possibly could, their condition bringing back very forcibly similar experiences of my own some ten years earlier. I yet recall the cheerful energy with which they set to work. It is

14 LETTER FROM HON. G. LANGLEY.

only natural that while so many of them pushed on to success there should be a few who failed.

The pressure of my other duties prevented my visiting Lloydminster for a long time afterwards, but I watched the reports that were sent from time to time and the notices that appeared in the public Press bearing witness to their progress with exceeding great interest, and when at last I was able to go to Lloydminster and saw the men and women who had pitched their tents on a barren prairie comfortably housed in a well-ordered town, I seemed to have a glimpse of that remarkable adaptation and perseverance which has transformed and enlarged our island home into the greatest empire the world has ever known.

I think, in undertaking the work of giving an account of the commencement, progress, and success of this Colony, you are undertaking what must be one of the most useful and pleasing tasks that can fall to the lot of any writer. It was only natural that when the Motherland called for volunteers in the Great War a ready and large response should be made by the residents of Lloydminster and surrounding district.

Wishing you the greatest possible success in your undertaking, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE LANGLEY.

J. HANNA McCORMICK, Esq., D.S.O.,
Lloydminster, Sask.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

THIS is no tale of adventures in a strange land, nor of heroes who set sail, like some Christopher Columbus, to discover, but rather the actual happenings, without any trimmings, of our own kith and kin in our own British land of Canada.

The British public heard enough in many Press snatches of "The Fate of the Ill-starred Barr Party," but they rarely heard the truth; nor did they learn of the success of its members.

Certainly the laborious work of launching this colonisation scheme must be credited to Mr. Barr, and more so in the result seen to-day: he undoubtedly stands out as the founder of a large region.

It is the more to be regretted that incidents occurred at such a critical time to mar his continued activities with the Colony.

Situated on the 4th meridian line between Alberta and Saskatchewan, Lloydminster is connected with the districts in which the great Hudson's Bay Company had its trading posts and forts—the first attempts at civilisation and commerce—in years gone by, in a sparsely-settled country with the original Indians, half-breeds, etc. The district becomes doubly interesting in view

of its Barr Colony experiences with their present-day results.

Many of the vital points in the Riel Rebellion of 1870, and later the rising of '85, were in this immediate neighbourhood, and many people now living in the district remember and have close knowledge of those exciting times. The reader can grasp the sentiment Barr Colonists must feel when these events are recalled and placed before them—for instance, the fact that Captain Francis Dickens, son of the great English novelist, held Fort Pitt against the rebel Indians, and that Dr. G. E. Lloyd, afterwards chaplain to the Barr Colony, now the present Bishop of Saskatchewan, served as an officer in the Queen's Own Rifles and was wounded at Cutknife Creek.

With the hope that the recounting of the doings of these Barr settlers may be of service and information to many, and that others may thus be encouraged to make a stand for themselves in life, the author has set himself this most interesting task. Many people are apt, by reason of their environment, to get into a groove out of which it seems impossible to rise; they fear to tread new paths or try new methods, and do not realise that nothing is ever achieved by standing still, or doubting one's own powers. Let such bear in mind the story of the English soldier settler in the Colony who—with no means but his good strong arms, and no previous farming knowledge—but sound commonsense, after struggling through

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

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severe times and reverses such as many have to endure, with the help of his energetic family, entered for and won the World's Prize Silver Cup for the best oats grown on the *American Continent*. THREE YEARS SUCCESSIVELY he won this splendid trophy—standing over 4 feet high—OUTRIGHT, and against all comers.

J. H. McCORMICK.

B

FOREWORD

To Canadians, no less than to the friends of those Britishers who composed the famous "Barr Colony," the story of the extraordinary adventure of that party of Colonisers will make profound appeal. It was a rare test of British pluck and endurance; none but the stout-hearted emerged from the ordeal, and they well deserved the triumphant success which finally rewarded their heroic perseverance. Left leaderless in the wide plains of Canada, to track onward in the hope of success, or throw up their hands in despair and defeat and abandon the whole project, they chose the heroic course, though circumstances seemed dead against them, and failure almost inevitable. They acted upon the principle that "difficulties were made to be overcome," and pressing onward with invincible optimism, they won through and made history. Only men and women of real grit and undoubted quality could have done what they did. They have graven their names deep in the monuments to the moving story of a long history of pioneers. Their achievements will never be forgotten. Canada owes them much, for they set an example which cannot but have profoundly influenced others. The old land from which they

came is proud in the knowledge of the fact that they proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of their race. They went to Canada to "make good," and they achieved their purpose. Lack of knowledge of the conditions of climate and soil and occupation did not daunt them, though it might well have done. They had put their hands to the plough, and for them there could be no looking back, not for them any lowering of the flag, or hopeless endeavour. Pulling together, and all pulling together, they made Lloydminster, and set it up as a landmark and a beacon light to all Colonisers who should come after them. Some there were who in the long and strenuous trial found their courage fail them and, like Lot's wife, "looked back." But the best held a steady course, and never doubted that patient effort and energy would win the day.

I had the privilege of visiting the little town in 1911 and seeing for myself what had been done, and what remained to be done. I am proud of the fact that four of my fellow-townsmen were in the van in the movement to make Lloydminster great, and one of them was Sheriff of the district. In a yet sterner fight and greater trial he bore himself worthy of his ancestors, and of the new country of his adoption, and came out of the Great War decorated by his Sovereign with the D.S.O., having performed deeds of valour which, had they been done under the official eye, would have assured him the Victoria Cross he was recommended for.

Col. McCormick, as one of the "Barr Colony," is well entitled to tell the story of its trials, difficulties and triumphs. He has discharged his task with fidelity and with literary skill. His story will touch the heart and imagination, and kindle the ardour of the manly wherever they may be. His share in the achievements he has modestly passed over, but his fellow-citizens know his work and worth and admire him for what he was and is.

THOMAS MOLES.

BELFAST. 18th October, 1923.

(THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS MOLES, M.P.)

LLOYDMINSTER

CHAPTER I

THE BARR PAMPHLET

Towards the close of 1902 the following pamphlet created quite a furore in England among those who were looking towards Western Canada as their goal.

BRITISH
SETTLEMENTS IN
NORTH WESTERN CANADA
ON FREE GRANT LANDS.
CANADA FOR THE BRITISH!

"And so more and more I can't help looking to the West. There is the world as the world will be. There are the things one hopes for and cares for and lives for."

—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

By—Rev. I. M. BARR,
Curate-in-Charge,
St. Saviour's Church,
Tollington Park,
London, N.

BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH WEST CANADA.

The Project. "To organise a large body of British people of the right kind—English, Scotch, and Irish—to form a settlement on Government free grant lands, on the prairies of North-West Canada.

**Advantages
of such a
party.**

Companionship, mutual help and encouragement, the absence of isolation and loneliness, organised protection of interests, larger and more rapidly increasing land values, better railway facilities, better roads, better and cheaper goods, schools, churches, stores, purchase at greatly reduced prices of farm stock and implements as well as building material for houses, furniture and provisions, all and much more, the immediate front of a large British settlement co-operating under proper leadership to secure the best results.

**When and
by whom
chosen.**

The location of the settlement will be decided this autumn by the leader of the movement, with the aid of government officials and one or two others who have full knowledge of the best districts. The following *desiderata* will be kept in view; (a) soil suitable for mixed farming; (b) good water in abundance; (c) some wooded land for horse and shed buildings, fencing and fuel; (d) plenty of natural prairie grass for hay and pasturage, and (e) proximity to a railway either already built or in course of construction and certain to reach the settlement at no distant day.

THE BARR PAMPHLET

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The proposed location will have the double advantage of two lines of railway—the C.P.R. and the Canadian Northern. The Saskatchewan River is also navigable by small flat-bottomed steamers during summer months.

Experienced farmers and their sons, artisans, Classes tradesmen, some professional men, young men who wanted. desire to learn farming, and farm labourers.

While much depends upon the individual, and it might be perfectly safe and wise for some to begin at once to farm on their own account, yet, as a general rule, success in farming is much more certain when young and inexperienced men hire out for a year or two with an established farmer. I shall have a list of such farmers in Manitoba, and also throughout the farther west, who will need the services of such young men.

I have no hesitation in advising any able-bodied young men of intelligence who are willing to rough it and work hard—such as strong men with very limited means, clerks and others—to join this party and seek employment in Canada, with the ultimate expectation of taking up homesteads for themselves. Wages at first, however, would necessarily not be large. Besides passage money and railway fare to destination, each man should possess, say, £5 at least. Young men without experience of farming.

It is not my intention to ask any member for any No fees fee or subscription in connection with this move-charged. ment, but I beg to request that in asking for replies to letters my friends will enclose postage stamps.

The Leader
of the Move-
ment.

Modesty suggests that I should say nothing of myself; but it seems necessary that I should. Putting myself forward as a leader, I should show my credentials.

First, then, before taking action, I conferred with the Canadian Immigration Commission here in England, and I kept in constant touch with the Emigration Office, although this is a perfectly independent movement. I was born on a large farm in Canada, and learned all branches of agriculture. With me farming has always been an enthusiasm, and I might also say a passion, and I have farmed both in Canada and the United States. I have been interested in colonisation for many years, have done some fairly good work as a coloniser, and am now anxious to build up my native land and keep it as much as possible in the hands of people of British birth.

My purpose is to take up land and farm in this settlement, and I hope to make it my home for the remainder of my life. I shall not, however, be the clergyman of the settlement, although I shall always be interested in any good religious work.

No village
or commun-
istic settle-
ment.

This is to be no village or communistic settlement. Everyone will live upon his own land; that is, it will be a settlement of the ordinary kind.

Date of
leaving this
country.

The party will sail from Liverpool by the Beaver Line, before the middle of March (perhaps in the first week in March) in order to reach its destination early in April, when the winter is past and warm spring weather has set in, permitting life

in tents by women and children without the slightest inconvenience or danger, and indeed with only pleasurable experiences. In due course of time notice will be given to all members of the party of the exact date of sailing of the steamship, its name, etc., with special instructions. It is, therefore, important that those contemplating joining this party should reach a decision and send me their names, including those of all members of the family, with ages, as soon as possible—certainly before 15th of January, 1903.

I have received an assurance that there will be Steamship no charge made for any reasonable amount of rates for luggage and goods, but we should not impose upon luggage. good nature nor take bulky or unnecessary articles of furniture. I am permitted, however, to say that musical instruments shall be conveyed free of charge. Where doubt exists in anyone's mind as to the advisability of taking any specific article, I shall be glad, when consulted, to give advice.

All bedclothes, feather beds, ticks for mattresses, What to but without the stuffing, table linen, knives, forks, take. spoons, and any highly-prized old china (which must be well packed), a good supply of clothing suitable for farm work, including all old clothes, a good heavy overcoat and strong boots, but no hob-nailed boots nor fancy top-boots, for they are not used on the prairie. Carpenters' tools might be taken if already in possession, but no farm implements, for those made in Canada are cheaper and better adapted to the work. An old Manitoba settler advises me that a supply of vegetable garden seeds should be taken, as they do well in the North-West, but not potatoes, as those grown there do better. Take a gun if you have one, but no revolver—it is not needed. If you possess a

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good English saddle, bring it with you, but do not take groceries as they are as cheap and good there as here.

I have suggested co-operation among the members of the party whenever possible, but it must be understood that this is no essential feature of this movement, but purely optional and a matter of arrangement. For instance, four young men with small means might locate at the centre of a section (640 acres), with one house resting partly on each homestead, thus fulfilling the homestead regulations, and by combining their means such a group might proceed at once to farm and hope for success; when acting separately and individually no one man of them could at once begin on his own account. It is such collective action that I advise.

Journey
inland.

The journey inland to the North-West will be over the Canadian Pacific Railway in Colonist and tourist cars, which afford comfortable sleeping accommodation. In these cars there is absolute privacy and objectionable persons are strictly excluded. There is a porter in every car to look after the comfort of the passengers. Each car is also provided with a range on which passengers may, without charge, cook food, make tea, coffee, etc. Food, either cooked or uncooked, may be bought very cheaply at all stations on the road. Single persons would no doubt buy their meals at stations, but families can save money by using their own food on the cars. Those who contemplate doing so should take baskets, knives, forks, spoons, tin plates, and drinking cups.

At the end of the railway journey the party, especially the women and children, will be properly housed and cared for. The emigration agent at Edmonton—the probable destination—will arrange this in advance. A deputation of the citizens of Edmonton will also be appointed to receive and look after the welfare of the party.

The railway station where we shall end our journey by rail and which will be our starting point for the settlement, will also be our base of supplies. Here we shall find horses, cows, farm implements, provisions, furniture, tents, and all things needed to complete our outfit. Arrangements will be made in advance as regards prices, etc.

At Edmonton, or whatever place shall be the end of the journey,* those who have means to purchase horses and waggons will find them on the ground at reasonable prices, and will therefore possess their own conveyances to carry them to their location.

But for those who do not care to buy at once, or who may not possess the means to do so, conveyances will be secured to carry them and their effects at reasonable charges to land selected. All must, however, take tents with them.

On reaching the location of the settlement the first thing to be done will be to select the home-
stead—that is, the free grant of 160 acres, to which every head of a family, male or female, and every young man 18 years old is entitled. Entry must be made for the same at the nearest land office, the payment being £2, that is, 10 dollars. It is expected that in the case of such a large party as

* It will be noted that Saskatoon eventually became the point where the rail journey terminated.

this now promises to be, a land agent or commissioner will accompany the party to aid them in the selection of homesteads, and to make entry for them there and then in order to avoid the necessity of the people going to the land office to do so.

Railroad
lands.

Those who wish to increase their holdings may purchase railroad lands, of which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company own some of the best in the country. They can be had at reasonable prices and on the most advantageous terms.

First year's
crops.

As soon as the settler has selected his homestead, or free grant, and has arranged with the land agent to purchase any additional land he may need, the first thing to do is not to build a house (unless, indeed, he possesses sufficient means to contract for the building of one), but to get some ploughing done, say 5 or 10 acres, which he should plant at once with potatoes and other roots and vegetables for use the first year. I also advise the sowing of some oats and barley. Only half a crop may be expected from the freshly-turned, and therefore unrotted, prairie sod. I am advised that this is generally done in the district where we shall settle, also that it might be well to sow an acre or two of wheat as an experiment, as sometimes half a crop of this grain is reaped the first year.

After
planting.

When this is done—which might occupy ten days, or perhaps two weeks, the settler should proceed to erect for himself a house. But if he possesses considerable capital he should hire a Canadian ploughman and keep his pair of horses busy (while he is building) breaking the prairie sod for next year's crop.

After lying for two months or so to rot, this ploughed sod is "back set," that is, it is ploughed again lengthwise (not cross ploughed); but this second ploughing should be two or three inches deeper than the first. This ploughed land is then allowed to be fallow until next spring, when it is broken up with a cultivator or spring-toothed harrow, and planted with wheat, barley, oats, roots, etc.

The prairie grass is generally cut about the end of July or early in August, and stacked for winter use. Grain harvesting is then begun. A man may with a scythe cut enough for one or two cows and a pair of horses, or, what is often done, hire a neighbour's mowing-machine to do it for him.

I should strongly advise that unless people have considerable capital they should build their first houses of log (to be cut in the neighbourhood) and cheap sawn timber, with boards and shingles for roofing. There will be several carpenters and joiners in this party, and Canadian carpenters may be secured at reasonable wages to work on house construction; but much of the work of these first cheap houses can be done by any handy man with a little instruction from a practical carpenter.

A one-roomed house, say 16 by 20, such as described, might be built for £8 or £10; a two-roomed house, say 18 by 24, for £15; a three-roomed house, 18 by 30, for £25; and a four-roomed house for, say, £30.

These calculations, however, are based upon the supposition that the settler will cut and haul his own logs and assist the carpenter in doing the work. Ready-made factory doors, and window

LLOYDMINSTER

sashes with the glass already inserted, can be purchased at very low prices. Nails also, and hardware of all kinds, are good and cheap in Canada.

Horses,
Cows, etc.,
and farm
implements.

Whenever three or four friends can co-operate in the purchase of animals and implements of husbandry, it should be done, especially at the start, and it is one great advantage of a settlement of this kind that this can be done.

People of small means should be advised to buy no horses or farm implements of an expensive kind the first year, unless, indeed, they can co-operate with others, as I have suggested. They should get a neighbour to plough five or ten acres for them, by doing which they could manage very well. Everyone, however, should own a cow or two, and perhaps a pony with a light waggon, and some hens and pigs.

A Creamery.

The dairy industry is a very important one in North-Western Canada, and it will be quite possible in a settlement of the magnitude of this one to have a Creamery at once. British Columbia offers a good and growing market for dairy produce.

Farm instructor and ploughmen.

I shall arrange to have some Canadian ploughmen, owning their own horses and ploughs, to do this work of ploughing for people who themselves cannot afford to buy horses and implements. If I should succeed in building up a large settlement I shall secure the services of a thoroughly qualified Farm Instructor to give lessons in practical agriculture to the people, and I will devote the whole of my own time to the same object, the Farm Instructor and myself going throughout the settlement from day to day giving hints and instructions to the people.

I have a plan for such a Farm Home, which I shall make known to any who may be interested in such a measure, at an early day. I have submitted this project to experienced men, who have pronounced it feasible and a valuable adjunct of a British settlement such as this.

Training Farm Home for inexperienced young men of considerable means.

This should be the motto of all. Keep some money in your purse for an emergency; earn more by hiring out with experienced farmers in an old settlement close by, or on railroad construction, leaving, if married, wife and children for some weeks on the homestead. It is thus that steady, hard-working men of small means make headway and attain independence in a new country.

The Canadian Government advance no money to settlers, but to encourage *bond fide* settlement it is specially provided by law that settlers may borrow to the amount of £120 on each 160 acres. This is a great advantage for people of small means who are industrious and well-doing, and it is hoped and expected that for this purpose a bank will be established by certain private individuals, in this settlement. This could only be done (that is, the immediate establishment of a bank) in the event of a large settlement, and hence the importance of such a solid British settlement as this, and a reason why everyone intending to join it should use his utmost influence to induce others to come in, and so make it an influential, cohesive body, working for the good of the whole. Thus alone is success assured, and not merely through the leadership of any one man.

The foregoing may suggest to the mind of some capitalist that here is to be found a good opportunity to assist his fellow men by lending money in such a settlement, especially as the security is an absolute guarantee for repayment of loans.

An opportunity for a benevolently disposed capitalist.

Possible
Government
Hall at
settlement.

I shall make an effort to induce the Emigration Department to erect a Government Hall for settlers in the district where we shall settle, and which might be of permanent value. I promise nothing, however, in this connection, but will do what I can. In any case, all should take tents with them (buying them in Canada) as they will need them while erecting houses on the homesteads; and I wish again to emphasise the fact that these are perfectly safe and pleasant temporary abodes for women and children at the season when we shall reach our destination.

On my re-
turn from
Canada.

I leave for Canada on the 30th instant for the purpose of selecting the location, and shall hope (D.V.) to return in November, when I shall issue a circular letter reporting what I have accomplished, and giving any additional information that I may think necessary, or that may meantime be suggested by correspondents.

General ad-
vantages of
the districts
of Alberta
and
Edmonton.

The general advantages may be summed up as follows:—Good climate, conducive to vigorous health, notwithstanding occasional extremes of heat and cold; fertile soil suitable for ranching and mixed farming; an abundant rainfall with good water everywhere easily obtained; some timber for building, fencing and fuel; excellent hay and pasturage; railway facilities either already provided or certain in the near future; good markets for all the farmer can produce; a school system that cannot be surpassed; perfect religious freedom, and that British law and order which all know and love so well in the native land.

It is not necessary to emphasise these, they are Social advantages of the settlement. patent to all. In a new and strange land especially it is most important to have congenial neighbours, and if these are from the Mother- or Fatherland, so much the better. For women especially, whose life is to be spent on a farm, the certainty of friends and neighbours is of vast importance. Isolation and loneliness are much the greatest drawbacks of pioneer life in the west. Hardships, and even privation, may be cheerfully borne when the friends that are dear are present to cheer and comfort. So we maintain that the social advantages of our British settlement, together with the opportunity to organise co-operation in farming, and other advantages, are features not to be despised.

I do not desire to present a picture that is highly rose-coloured. There are difficulties and drawbacks, etc. to be encountered; but for the brave man obstacles are something to be overcome and stepping-stones to victory and success. Britons have ever been the great colonisers; let it not be said that we are the degenerate sons of brave and masterful sires.

Let me say, in brief, you cannot pick up nuggets of gold on the surface of the soil; you must dig for the wealth of the land. Hard work and plenty of it lies before you more or less of hardship, and not seldom privations. You must sometimes sweat, and sometimes you must suffer from the cold. You shall not always find everything to your hand. Many of the comforts of England you must leave behind.

Some years the crops may not be a perfect success—may even prove a failure. It may even be that hail may sometimes strike your crop and destroy part of it. Sickness may come to you

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there as here, and also losses. Don't expect to be rich in a day. It is not possible anywhere except for a few fortunate ones.

If you are afraid, stay at home—don't come to Canada. It is a land of brave and conquering men. But if you are honest and brave and intend to work hard, if you purpose to lead the temperate and strenuous life, then come and cast in your lot with us and we will stand together and win."

Wishing you a Happy New Year,

Sincerely your well-wisher,

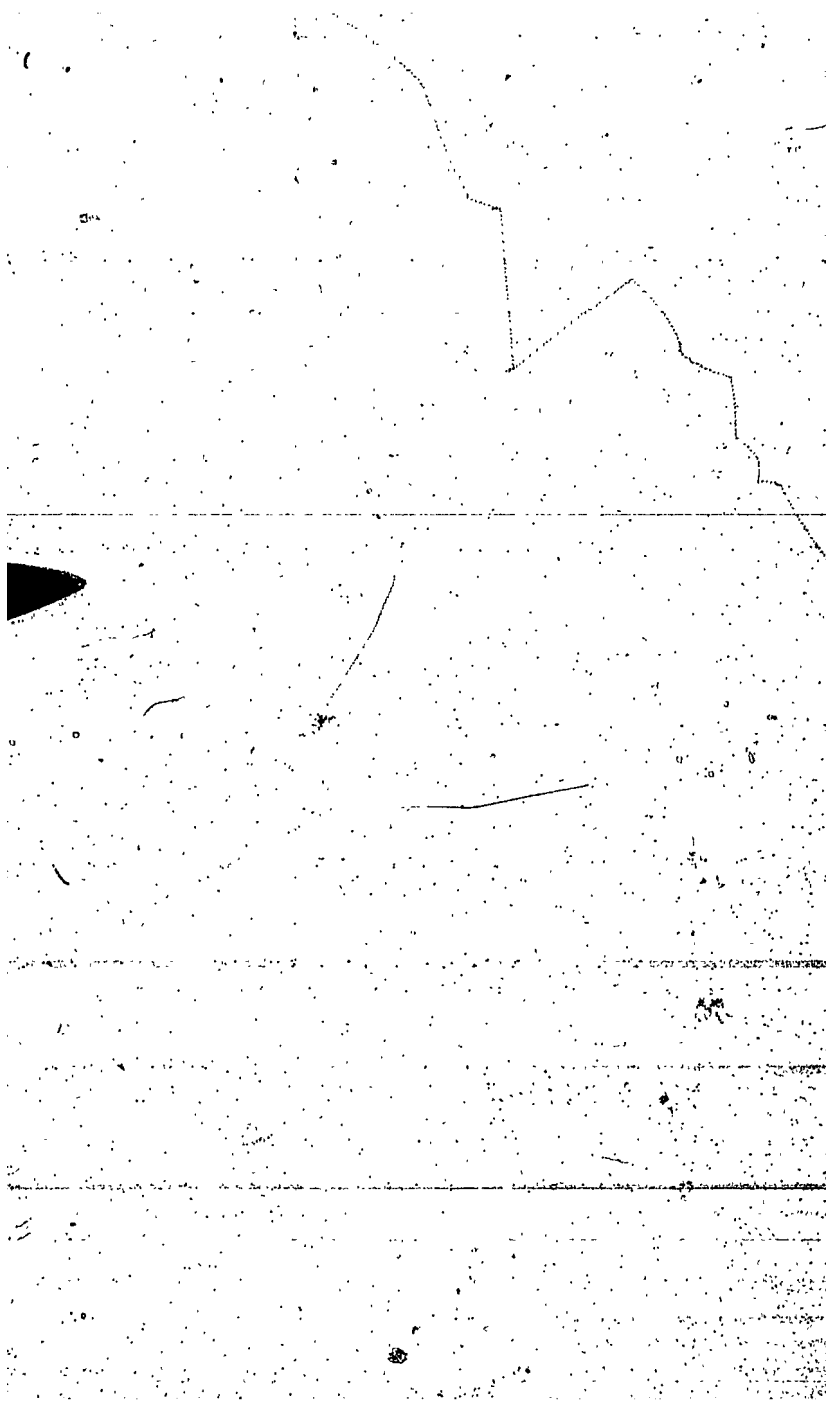
I. M. BARR.

BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH-WEST
CANADA

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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CANADA FOR THE BRITISH AND WHY
NOT!



CHAPTER II

THE BARR COLONISTS *en route*

At the outset it must be admitted that in the foregoing pamphlet I. M. Barr did not minimise the hardships that would have to be encountered by the settlers in the early days of his British Colony. This much must be placed to his credit, and also that masterful appeal to people of British blood, by which was engendered the spirit of Empire. When a representative from *The Boston Transcript* came through the Colony in the early years and interviewed several settlers, amongst other questions he asked was :

"Why did you think of coming out to Canada ?"

"Why, to claim Canada for the bloomin' Hemptire," was the prompt rejoinder of a stalwart Cockney.

Mr. Barr initiated Co-operative Companies with one dollar or five-shilling shares. The ideas put forward seemed first class looked at from the outsider's standpoint, but the thoughtful or practical man could see at once that here was a one-man-management too huge to succeed ; for in all his projects Barr refused the help of a committee of the settlers, which was offered on the journey

and at a vital time in his leadership of the party.

The year 1903 saw the arrangements well in hand for the start of the Barr Colony, and the Canadian Government gave its sanction and blessing to the scheme from the start.

The Colonists, numbering over two thousand, were composed of English, Irish and Scotch families—amongst them were veterans of the South African War, then just ended. They set sail from Liverpool on the 31st of March, 1903, on the steamship *Lake Manitoba*, one of the Elder Dempster Steamship Line.

The ocean journey, which took fourteen days, was rather uncomfortable, as the ship lacked the necessary accommodation for such a big party—in fact, the number of passengers allowed by Board of Trade rules was said to be nine hundred only; therefore none were sorry when, on Easter Sunday morning, St. John's Harbour, N.B., was entered.

An exciting scene was the landing, then the entraining of this large company for the West, which took five long trains composed of Colonist cars, which left at different times during the day. The baggage and household goods were of every description—from sewing machines and pianos to fishing-rods and guns. In the end the Customs gave up their job owing to the delay in passing the goods through and the desire to do all in their power to facilitate the departure of the people westward. The miscellaneous nature of the effects

was a revelation when piled on the quays of St. John; the quantity a record for a single emigrant ship to land. Where the bulk of the stuff went to on leaving St. John, nobody knows to this day, and many people whose all was in the confines of a box or trunk were sorely hit. Occasionally some lucky settler would get word of his belongings, but the greater number had memories only of what they had at one time possessed, and the knowledge of how very useful those things all would have been to them in a pioneering life.

Much was heard of a man called Jackson, who had undertaken the loading of the greater part of the stuff at Liverpool, and whether he was to blame or not is not known, but his name became a household word and has gone down to history—for the name of Jackson and baggage are ever synonymous in the Colonists' minds.

Moving was the meeting of the people at the Saskatoon Railway track to discuss this baggage question. Barr implored, and admonished them to have patience and all might yet be well. The speakers, who stood on boxes, thrashed every department of immigration with their tongues. Then they headed a wild rush upon the few cars and upon the heaps of baggage lying around; and fell upon Barr and his satellites, who were guarding the boxes. Blows were struck right and left, goods captured and retaken, and general disorder prevailed. Then the greater part of the crowd melted away to their tents to possess their souls in patience. Thus commenced the dissatisfaction

with Barr which was felt by the Colonists, and it was evident that something more serious was very likely to happen before the end of the trail west was reached.

As the journey by railway to Saskatoon progressed, numbers of the original party had left, preferring to settle in such places as Winnipeg, Regina, etc., and now many remained in Saskatoon, so that eventually on "hitting the trail" from the railroad point at Saskatoon there remained but a little over twelve hundred. These determined to go by any means—cayuse or ox method—to the Fourth Meridian Camp, a matter of two hundred miles more or less.

Saskatoon, called after the son of an Indian Chief (Saskatchewan), was then a mere hamlet on the banks of the south Saskatchewan River. Here the trail journey began and outfits had to be purchased—and well paid for, too!

The Colonists' tents and belongings of every kind covered what was known as the school section, west of the village and along the broad, winding river. It was a veritable tent city, interspersed here and there with restaurants—built of rough lumber, with the ever-ready tar-paper covering, in army bell tents, barbers' shops, sale booths, etc. Around the camp, ox and horse teams were driven in trial by their would-be owners, in spanking new, "Adams" and "Bain" wagons.

Here the silver tenor of Spiers (Government Agent) was heard addressing our party, his speech

working up a crescendo to a crashing effective note :

" And I think I hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of your fellow-countrymen following and crowding upon your footsteps in the years to come, making fortunes, gaining independence like yourselves in that prosperous region to which you are now setting out. Be patient and courageous and you will prosper ; stay with it and all will be well. . . . "

Tumultuous cheering greeted the speaker, and some, eager to obtain choice portions of this promised land, wished to set out immediately ; but because of swollen creeks and mud-soft trails—caused by the melting snows of spring—they had to be forcibly persuaded to postpone the day of their departure.

On looking around the prairie at Saskatoon one was struck with the great possibilities of this region, the fertile soil of great richness and depth—an ideal farming country ! And the South Saskatchewan River close by promised to future cities a means of rapid transit ; small wonder that many of our party chose to settle there. And the marvellous growth of this little village into a modern city illustrates the determination of settlers who never slackened speed until a city's charter had been granted it.

About the 27th of April the first batch of the Western Expedition started, the others following in parties or families as desired. As to direction ? Well, there was but that single trail—always pointing West. We had journeyed over 4,800 miles to find it. The trail led to the future, and—good-bye to civilisation !

The idea of that future, pregnant with infinite possibilities, filled all minds. . . . Was there not a charm in hope—a charm greater than mere possession? A charm in reverie and dreams—greater than in reality. . . . But to many, true possession meant conquest, effort, life!

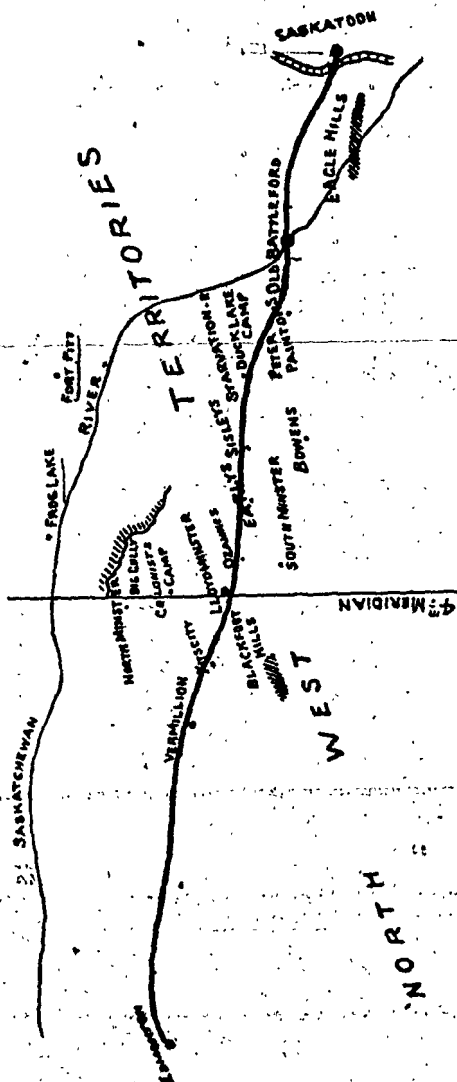
In waggons drawn by oxen, teams of native ponies or cayuses, and often the eastern-bred horses, a start was made; "prairie schooners" were much in vogue and horsemen were many; whilst the freighters—half-breeds and Indians—who were keen to make money received big freight rates of \$3.50 per 100 lbs. weight for the two hundred mile journey. These people were like to the "sutlers" or camp followers of old-time expeditions.

Those unable to go by vehicle "partnered" it, like Sunny Jim of happy memory, and walked the journey.

The subjoined map shows the route taken West and the various camps along the trail, all named by the Colonists at the time, excepting forts and those places pertaining to events of the '85 rising, and Indian villages.

Leaving Saskatoon camp the trail went westward, winding round sloughs and soft parts, and it was well for the incautious driver that a beaten trail was safe to follow; but woe betide him when two trails appeared like to the fork of a tree—both were beaten and both usually led, like the broad road, to destruction.

About ten miles was the extent of the first day's



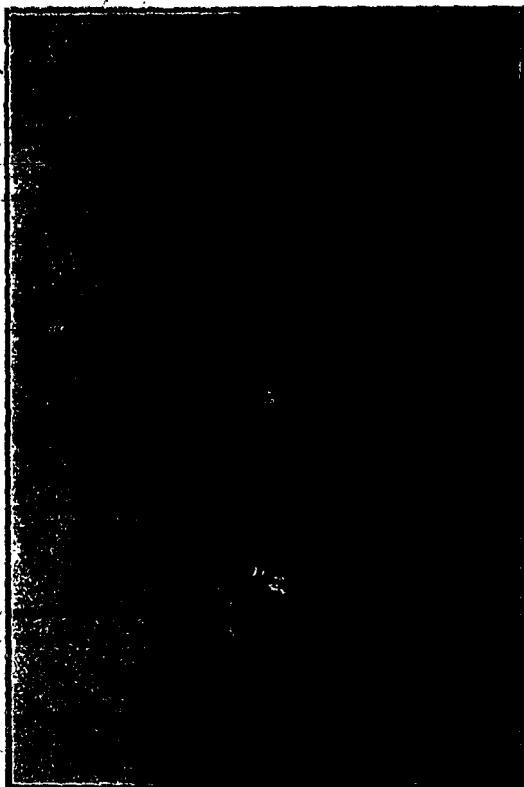
THE TRAIL

The present Canadian National Railway line runs in the vicinity of the old trail, and along its course to-day are towns and stations every eight or ten miles between Saskatoon and Edmonton.

journey, for roads were heavy at the start and delays frequent on this account; besides, newly-broken teams are not always tractable with "green" drivers. Later on, many travellers, ambitious for speed, jettisoned a large portion of their too-heavy loads on the roadside, and made better time in consequence. Effects of all descriptions were dumped at various parts of the journey, some to be recovered later by their owners, and some never. Many teams, with waggons attached, stuck fast in the mud up to their knees, and quite contented they seemed in the case of oxen and bulls. A camp was usually formed where these disasters occurred, and over a meal by the camp fire the means of getting out of the mud-hole, or muskeg, were devised. People travelling by pairs of teams "doubled up" on these occasions and helped to haul each others' waggons out of the offending slough.

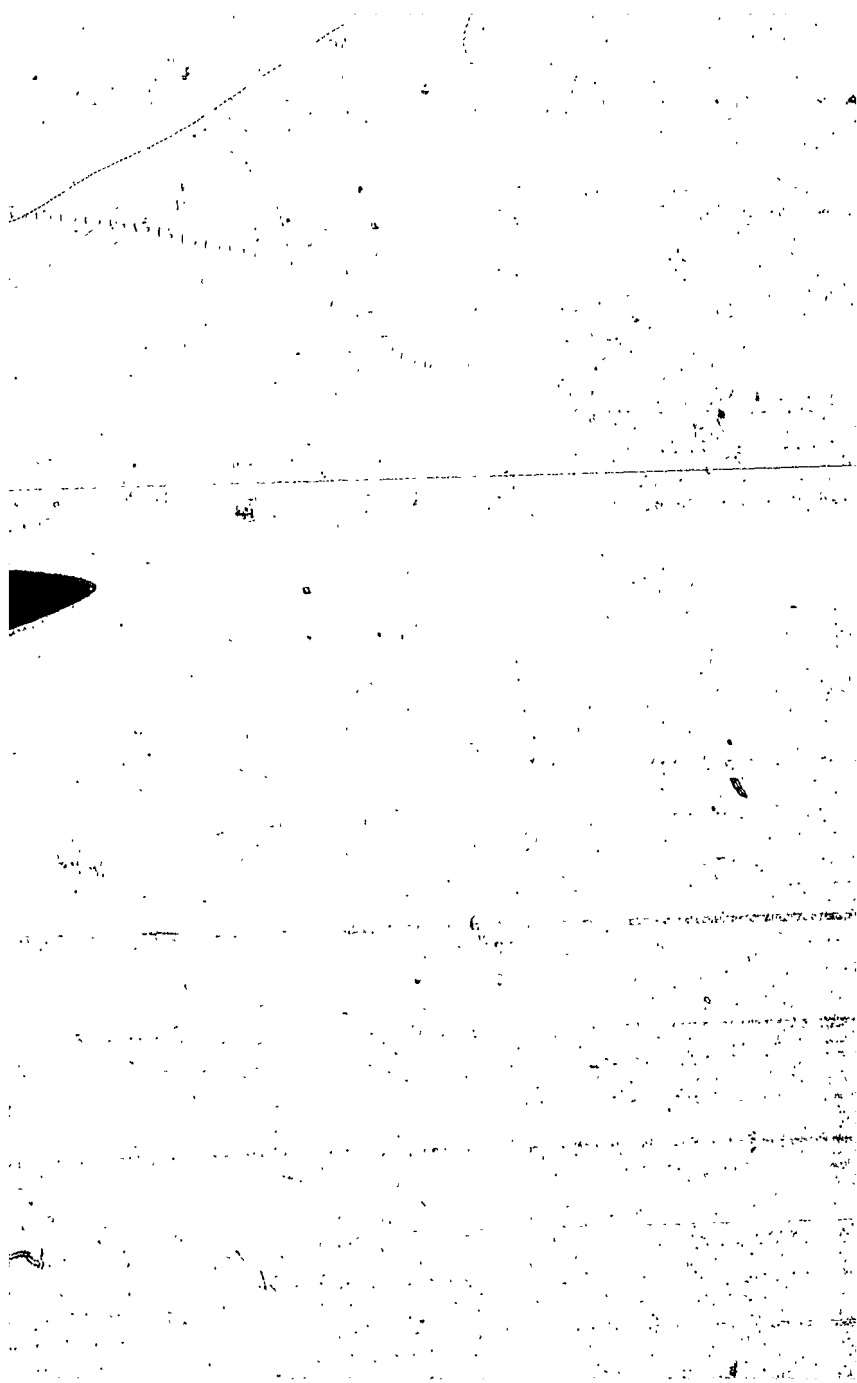
In many cases the "logging-chain" came into use and was invaluable where the team could not, because of the nature of the ground, get a foothold. Portage was often resorted to and goods were carried by hand a considerable distance by men, women, and children of a party.

Possibly the difficulties of the journey were at their zenith when the Eagle Hills were reached. The country around here put one much in mind of the South African kopjes, with creeks and boulders of every size amongst them. The single trail wound around the hills, or often over them to perilous heights, which to the novice driver of a



OX TEAM AND WAGON STUCK IN A SLOUGH.





raw team and top-heavy load was a tempting of Providence. The summit reached, the descent was even more exciting, for then the full picture was in view and the various obstacles seen—the inevitable creek to ford at the bottom, or possibly a "cordwood" bed of rough pine logs.

In these descents various devices were used to get the waggons safely down. The logging-chain seemed a necessity, but many were without it so they locked the wheels with rope, or stripped a young tree and placed it between the spokes of both rear wheels. Many "tongues" were smashed in these descents, and waggons overturned and hurtled over the heights, and then the perseverance and ingenuity of the men and women were brought into play to repair the injuries as best they could. Where teams were disabled or killed the more fortunate fellow-travellers lent a hand in bringing along the necessary belongings to the next camping-place.

A remarkable runaway scene occurred amongst these hills with a young team of practically unbroken steers; these had been hitched up but wice, consequently requiring careful handling even under normal conditions. In this instance a hill had to be negotiated, which was achieved after a strenuous struggle and a liberal application of the whip. Then followed the down grade and the easing of the strain upon their collars, of which the animals immediately took advantage. In their surprise at this relief they paused and were struck by the waggon travelling on its then down-grade

impetus. They rushed pell-mell down the hill regardless of everything, their one idea being to get away from that hateful waggon which was a source of worry and burden to them, whilst their drivers—a mere boy and little girl of twelve years—could scarce hold the reins in their terror. The parents, far behind, were horror-stricken, and powerless, for the moment, to assist.

Rounding the bottom of the first hill at full gallop, on and on they went across the creek, in peril of upsetting waggon and all in the stream. The little boy toppled off but escaped in a marvellous manner, sustaining nothing more than several bruises and a wetting. Meanwhile, the affrighted steers, their load getting lighter as the effects of the waggon were distributed along the way, were racing along the level, the girl clinging to the lines but powerless to hold the team. The ramshackle waggon, bumping and jolting and like to fall to pieces with the strain, went trundling along the down-grade of the hill with sides precipitate and steep towards the coulee, and it seemed as though nothing but death awaited the child and the runaways. A waggon and team stood in the centre of the trail. Dashing on came the steers and struck the waggon, taking off a wheel and causing general confusion, and the attempt at a runaway by the team was only prevented by the wheel being off.

The runaways, still pursuing their headlong flight, left the trail and went now in this course, now in that, as if there was a division of thought

between them. At last the pair of mad, wild-eyed, but tired and blown steers stopped in their tracks—not three yards from the precipice! Just then the father, on horseback, overtook the team and led his horse between their heads and what would have been certain death to his child. The following day two teams of horses were lost at this same spot, and one of the settlers had his leg broken.

Many camps were formed in these hills in consequence, the people for the most part seeing that patience and slow methods would, in the end, prove the most certain and speedy way to succeed in reaching their still far-off destination. Certainly the Eagle Hills were a good school of adversity in which to take the preliminary training necessary for a strenuous existence.

Here it was that the prairie fire in all its fierceness and lurid grandeur was seen for the first time. Terrifying it was to the uninitiated in fighting its ever-destructive career, and especially in this region of hills and ravines—the broken nature of the ground being in itself a constant menace to a camp. One could never tell whence or where a fire would begin or end, and the dry and combustible long grasses, dry twigs, and branches of dead and fallen trees that encumbered large portions of the ground, were a danger, especially to new settlers unused to fire-guarding a camp. Woe betide the unlucky one who pitched his camp on ground of this nature and without a guard.

The first symptoms of danger were usually immense volumes of smoke coming from nowhere in particular, bird life getting very agitated, the smaller ground animals scurrying in all directions as the fire drove them from their homes, whilst the prairie chicken "clucked" in an extraordinary manner and flew around regardless of the proximity of the enemy—man.

It was indeed difficult to locate the actual blazing grass, especially in the daytime. Huge and rolling masses of smoke were seen in cloud-like formation, often far from the fire itself, and the old adage that "where there is smoke there is also fire" did not hold good here—at least in the immediate vicinity.

But it was at night that the fires around became a source of real danger, and many who did not take precautions were awakened to find that their belongings were beyond redemption and that what they stood up in was all they possessed in this world.

The fire at a distance, sweeping on and over the ridges and hills, appeared at different times like so many beacon lights, or as if the ancient fiery-red cross of Albion was being sent again to rouse the people. But in this case the fire was being chased by the practical wet-sack—a weapon used largely by the Indians and travellers to fight fires of this nature. To see the flames climb slowly but surely up almost perpendicular heights and then vanish from the gaze for a time while other ridges of fire passed the same way, or were driven

by the fickle wind in *echelon de brigade*—this was a great and fascinating spectacle, and one never to be forgotten when its accompanying danger was realised.

Owing to the thick undergrowth and trees, these fires in the Eagle Hills approached more closely to the bush fire than to the "straight" prairie-fires afterwards described; the important difference to the pioneers being that the former, once well started, could not be fought, whereas the ordinary prairie fire could be attacked in a multitude of ways. The fire would pass through the underbrush at a run. Every here and there a tree would flare up instantaneously from root to summit, scattering tufts of flame. After this first squib-like conflagration of the dry moss and twigs there would remain behind a deep-rooted and consuming fire in the roots and entrails of the tree, the resin being principally condensed at the base of the bole and in the spreading roots. Then the light, showy flames, like cavalry on a field-day, would skirmish and scamper down the wind into the distance and light the match to the explosion—the true harm but beginning for the big trees.

You might approach a tree from one side and see it scorched from top to bottom but apparently survivor of the flames. Make the circuit, and there on the other side of the column would be a clear mass of burning coals spreading like an ulcer, while underground, to their most extended floe, the roots were being eaten out by fire, the

smoke rising through the fissures to the surface. A little while and, without nod of warning, the tree would snap off short across the ground and fall prostrate with a crash.

CHAPTER III

BARR'S DESERTION

DURING all this time of excitement consequent on the passage of the Eagle Hills, the pioneers had other causes for worry. They feared for the success of the Colony scheme—through the actions of Barr.

This man Barr, who engineered the expedition with so masterful a hand at the outset, was now nowhere to be found, and rumour said that he was seen at this point and at that point doing such and such a thing. He had made the journey himself with the first party to the Fourth Meridian Camp, or end of the trail, but the dissatisfaction there was so intense that after a few days he left the camp, going East in a democrat and team—and apparently out of the district for good.

He was certainly doing nothing in the interests of his Colonists; as instance the purchase of oats at Peter Painton's and other places. Oats were bought for feed at 25 cents per bushel and less at Saskatoon; those people whose teams consisted of horses required feed oats, and when their supply ran out they tried to buy them at isolated points on the trail. They were told that oats were only available at prices ranging from \$1.50 *per bushel*

and upwards, also that they belonged to Mr. Barr, who had bought them but a few hours before in many cases; nor were there any other oats in the vicinity for sale. These oats had been sold *for 25 cents per bushel* in the first place to Barr; but he never made the profit he expected on them, for they lay there in the barn as they had been bought. It was the same story with potatoes. Is it any wonder that other stories and rumours were circulated to his discredit?

Barr's organisations (on paper) consisted of: a Colony Hospital Scheme; The Canadian Co-operative Home-Farm Scheme, No. 1; The Saskatoon and Saskatchewan Transport Co.; The British Canadian Settlement Stores Syndicate in the Saskatchewan Valley; and others now forgotten; but as to the management, the printed prospectus showed that I. M. Barr was *IT*—and more, if that were possible. These various Companies were subscribed to liberally, in \$1.00 shares by the greater portion of the Colonists whilst in England and on the steamer journey. Other names figured on these prospectuses—and this fact caused much heart-burning from time to time, as these people accepted no responsibility and *knew nothing* of the affairs of the Companies, Barr being the Alpha and Omega of the financial end of the whole scheme.

The Hospital scheme—which had a fairly well-equipped outfit at the start, with Doctors Amos and Keating and nurses in charge, was possibly more practical than any of the other schemes, and

no doubt justified its short existence—short, seeing that the stores of the Company disappeared in many ways once it was known for certain that Barr had really left the region and had given up the Colony idea.

As far as possible, a rough division was made by a committee of the Colonists to those who held shares in these Companies. Of course many people lost their money, but in the circumstances and confusion of such a *finale*, what more could be expected?

Thus, amidst all these happenings, of which only exaggerated reports reached portions of the party on the trail, the majority of the pioneers still struggled ever westwards, each setting sun seeing them halt their waggons and pitch their simple tents in parties sometimes of three or five, as the case might be, the whole people spread over a distance of close on two hundred miles on this single trail. Many took over two months to cover the journey, but the majority did it in much less time. What made them go on—with the scheme really breaking up before their eyes? That British spirit which will always see the thing through somehow!

Some hung on because they could not very well do otherwise; they had burned their boats and now hoped, Micawber-like, to keep things going until something better turned up. And those that went on to the end, as time has proved, were the grit and muscle of the party.

Hurrying east down the trail was a big man, in too great a hurry to come along with his team and slow-moving outfit which he had left far behind somewhere about Ozanne's Bridge (now called Aberfeldy) in the slough country, which the trail then went through. That he had an object in view was seen by his determined stride and his anxiety to "hit the trail." Each time he halted at some wayside camp to make inquiries or to get a mouthful of food the perspiration rolled from his brow as if he were in a fever. What was taking him east—and alone? By the afternoon he was at Early's Camp on the hill; later he reached the Sisley boys' place, where he made known the object of his quest; to overtake the man Barr ere he left the country. Many rumours spread like wildfire up and down the trail as to Barr's whereabouts, for he seemed to be a kind of will-o'-the-wisp for a period. It was said amongst other things that the North-West police at Battleford had a warrant to detain him in the country, in order, presumably, to place the state of affairs before the Government; whilst, on the other hand, people were told that the Government was *not* in favour of the Colony scheme. Then the obvious question arose: Why did the authorities approve of Barr and his proposals in the first place?

This was a huge financial adventure of his all along, it would seem. He was said to receive so much per head from the Government emigration department, from the steamship company by

which they had travelled, the railway company, and a commission from the firms of implement makers, and also from those who sold goods to the Colonists, and from the C.P.R. Lands Corporation for sale of railroad land. Where, indeed, did this thing end!

Amidst all the babel of confusion and rumour, the burly McDonnell still plodded the trail seeking and not finding the man who had taken his good money and had only given him a receipt in exchange. A receipt, indeed, but like to that which a bank on the verge of failure might give!

Continuing the chase, McDonnell at last found a horse and saddle and rode towards old Battleford, as that was where he would find Barr in the opinion of most people. He reached the place by an old Indian trail, a tired man, but determined to corner his quarry and make him disgorge the money.

This old town of Battleford at the confluence of the Battle and Saskatchewan Rivers was the one-time North-West capital and the seat of the Government Land Offices. Originally a Hudson's Bay post, it was the scene of Poundmaker's treachery and the fighting in the '85 Riel Rebellion, the Indian chief being captured at Cutknife Creek just west of the town. It was largely a town of old North-West Policemen, veterans of the stormy times past, half-breeds and full-blooded Indians—altogether a lively town of sports, bad whiskey, bronco-horsemen and ever-ready guns, yet withal, a flourishing community in a rich district.

Surely the Irishman would find his man here? But no; the denizens of the old Queen's Hotel and the famous Albion knew nothing of him but what rumours stated, and indeed they were anxious to meet and see a man so much spoken of!

But although he found not his man, old Battleford and its gunmen put the stiffening into McDonnell, and he left there on his cayuse *an armed man*. Once more he hit the trail westward, and those who met him heard him avow his intention to "hold up" the long-sought-for Barr. There was that in his glance now which bespoke the man with a gun, and woe betide the fugitive who would try to avoid him. Following the trail and its devious windings, the evening shadows drew apace as he neared Duck Lake Camp, where some Colonists told him of Barr's vicinity. They advised him to wait till morning, but this son of Erin did not believe in to-morrows. He rode on again. He had gone but a short distance when an ox team barred his way—then another. They were fine spanking oxen, with new canvas stretched over the still newer waggons. He had come on a "prairie schooner" train of twenty outfits or more about to halt for the night.

McDonnell discovered that this was the "women's ox-transport-train and stores." Most likely Barr would be with it, for his own private tent and all belongings had been sent out from Saskatoon with this party—doubtless Barr was now seeing to his personal effects!

In the twilight the long string of ox-teams—

amongst them some fine steers weighing over a ton apiece—awaiting the word of the train-master to pull off the trail to camp, looked like an artillery battery forming into line for action. The shouts of the drivers and the cracking of their long whips broke the stillness of the prairie.

Then the bustle of camp-forming began. Tents were unloaded and stoves and household utensils got out, the women and children doing their share in lighting the fires. Oxen were picketed out in pairs for the night and everything made as snug as possible.

Dismounting from his horse and fingering his gun with a look of determination, McDonnell pushed here and there in the semi-darkness among the crowd. He espied Barr. Short, thick-set, there was certainly nothing to denote the *parson* about him in either his garb or personal appearance.

Barr was giving directions to his man about his things on the waggon when our intrepid friend touched him heavily on the shoulder with the muzzle of his revolver, and, in a deep basso, called on him to deliver back to him a considerable amount paid over previously for railroad lands. The action, though not as melodramatic as actions usually recounted in stories of the Far West, had in it the healthy flavour of firmness. Barr, while for the moment flurried to know what it all meant, quickly tumbled to the position and put up his hands in a deprecating way as though this gun business were not necessary at all.

He promised and blustered so as to gain time—said he must wait for papers—for receipts—the darkness would not allow of business—the camp was not formed—but our friend held on. Barr was obstinate. Then sulphurous words were heard—from a dictionary of McDonnell's own! A pistol flashed, followed by a crack, and muffled cries, followed by a struggle but dimly visible in the uncertain light of an oil lamp which someone had just lighted.

Barr cried to the leech-like McDonnell to let go and all would be made good. Come into his tent! Therewith, he led the way, closely followed by his persecutor and the gun—for good company.

Calling loudly for Miss Posthumous, his cook-major-domo, to light candles, he produced his bag of papers and knelt on the grassy floor of the bare tent with the weapon of his enemy facing him. The picture was an interesting one to the on-lookers who had crowded in after the pistol crack had startled the camp. They saw Barr, still kneeling, poring over the bag of multitudinous papers and deeds of all kinds, Miss Posthumous holding the single dip and likewise kneeling in her endeavours to shade its flame from the night breeze.

In the uncertain light Barr was heard muttering something about the worries and troubles and losses his Colony was causing him. Nevertheless he produced and paid over the disputed money in full, whilst the eagle-eyed one stood by the tent pole, silent, but ever on the alert.

Every day the tales of Barr's doings at the Fourth Meridian Camp on the school section north of the present town, were told, and lost nothing in the re-telling. Suffice it to say he had lost the confidence of all, and many individually approached the Rev. G. Lloyd, urging him to act as leader; but the dispersed state of the settlers on the trail made any immediate action difficult.

Barr went back East on the trail, leaving behind such stores and other material as he could not take with him, and was never again seen by the Colonists.

CHAPTER IV

STARVATION CAMP

STARVATION CAMP, sometimes called Duck Lake by the Colonists, was somewhere near the present Birling Station and must not be confused with Duck Lake near Prince Albert.

The name in this case denoted hard times. The unfortunate people who camped here during the severe snow and rain, towards the middle and late days of May, certainly saw no ducks. Afterwards, the ducks and other birds were so plentiful that the name was used in quite a different way.

Overtaken by the late snowstorms in what should have been the springtime, much hardship was undergone by many in this camp under their somewhat slight canvas coverings. The whole area was practically under water, making a series of lakes or duck-ponds of considerable size, and stretching far and wide as the snow melted after two or three days' duration. The melted snow, and the rains which set in immediately, made life a thing of misery, and time hung heavy on the hands. It was impossible to move out of this country until the waters were assuaged and the trail showed and the oxen could get a footing to haul heavy loads. Under such circumstances

many families were hard put to it to live, as their supplies of flour and food stuffs had gone on with other loads.

Amongst others so situated were the Hill family—of "Abundance" Oats fame. Possibly there was not a more hopeful set of people than these under the bad conditions, and many settlers were helped by them with gifts of flour, etc., while all the time there was scarcely enough for themselves. At other times, to break the monotony when rain poured down as if it had no ending, and tents leaked in a manner comparable only to sod-roofed shacks, the family could be heard singing, in harmony and unison, duet and solo; the father sang the soldier songs of his old campaigning days whilst the boys joined in the refrain, and everyone around felt glad and free from care for a time at least. At such times as these was the feeling of comradeship and long-friendship-to-be engendered with a cement-like tie.

The country seemed to be rapidly turning into a second Flood by the continued rains; surely it ought to be a happy hunting ground for duck, provided the sportsman had the necessary boat with which to retrieve his game. But the people here marooned had no boats—excepting one man who had an "ark," which came not to its ancient use, but perilously near.

Edwards' Ark was the name given to Edwards' waggon, on which with lumber and the ever-ready tar-paper he had constructed him a house with peak roof and windows, perhaps with the

idea that a second deluge was about to descend upon the earth. Anyway, it kept the rain out of his stores and provided a place where he and his family might live; and perhaps he was able to explode the old-time theory that a large area is necessary to ensure complete harmony in the family circle! Be that as it may, the fact remains that at this particularly rainy time the Ark looked like to play a part similar to the one which rested on Mount Ararat in Biblical times.

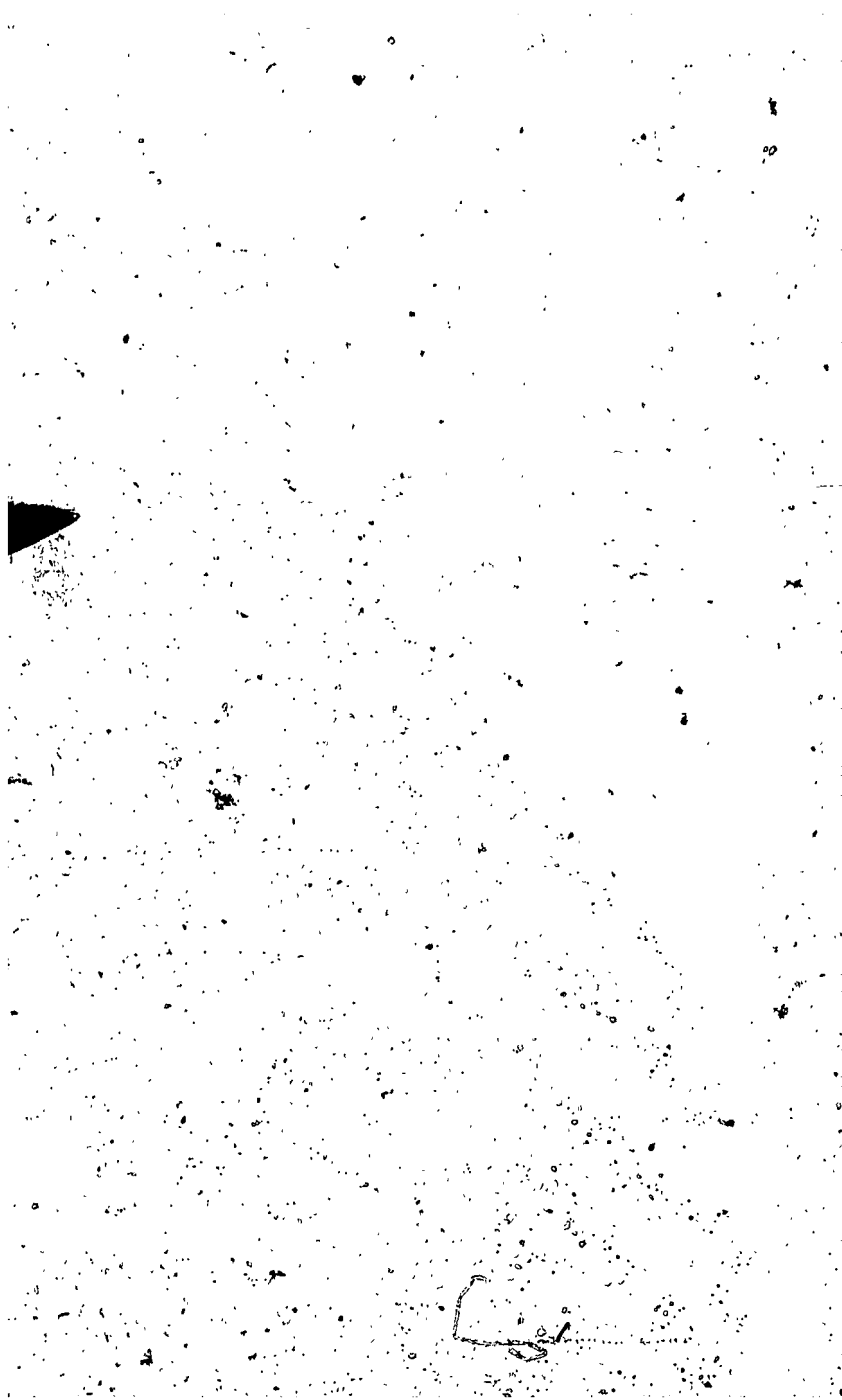
Many people will remember this incident, and how the Ark lumbered up hill and down dale with its living freight and effects of all kinds, the patient oxen ever striving and tugging at their top-heavy load as though to get away from its menacing weight.

The Ark neared the Duck Lake Camp one evening towards dusk. The trails made through this region were almost as numerous as the sands upon the seashore, as each party had endeavoured to seek a way free from "muskeg," or swampy ground, sometimes with success, often with failure, and the "stalled" outfit remained in its mud-hole, a warning to others to seek yet another way.

Edwards was not noted for much discretion, but what he lacked in this respect he made up for in obstinacy. He had a firm faith in the way that he chose and the courage and determination to stick to it. On this occasion, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, he went manfully forward, heeding not the many signs and tokens of disaster until, in the darkness, his oxen were



"NOAH'S ARK" AND CAMP OF COLONISTS.



floundering almost up to their collars in the mire and the wheels of the waggon stuck fast in the mud.

Edwards, being a tireless man, set to work with spade and shovel to dig the team out, but with no avail. He then unhitched them, and having brought them to dry land went back to the aid of his family in the Ark. All this time the rain kept dropping steadily, and the shelter that the Ark provided was a boon to those inside it.

The oxen, finding themselves free from the burden of the Ark and not tied to anything, did what even the most reasonable of oxen would do—wandered aimlessly off in the darkness and sought pastures new, possibly where Arks were not the order of the day! Edwards failed himself to trace the straying ones, but they were found twenty miles away and he got them back in about ten days' time.

Meanwhile, what of the Ark? The morrow of its adventure broke with the same grey chilliness of mist and rain, portending more weather of the same kind; the waters also had risen in the night and gently lapped the off-side wheels of the waggon, which, owing to spade-work, had sunk deeper, whilst the Ark itself seemed on a slight ridge and the high-wheels rested high and dry. It gave the appearance of Biblical reality to the picture—as though in truth the waters were assuaged and the Ark rested on Mount Ararat. How long it remained there is not known. The family, of course, left their precarious home and pitched their tent on *terra firma*, and probably found it more com-

fortable. Anyhow, they could not move until the weather was better and their straying oxen found again.

Near this part of the country many of the Colonists came in contact with that worthy man, the Venerable Archdeacon McKay of the Pas, head of the "Big Eddy" scheme. He was engaged travelling on his work amongst the Indians in that huge diocese—the size almost of Russia. He always travelled by himself with a team of horses and democrat waggon, the usual little tent, and a collapsible canvas canoe with which he forded the Saskatchewan, Battle, and other rivers, when he went amongst his beloved Crees. A simple life this good man had led—an active missionary for over fifty years amongst the Indians, and he was then over 86 years of age. Surely a life well spent!

The difficulties of many of the Colonists on the journey were greatly added to by their teams straying and not being recovered for a long time—and often not at all. Many tiresome journeys of perhaps upward of 180 miles had to be undergone often on foot, to recover strayed teams—these invariably going straight to their old homes. When it is taken into account that horses and oxen will travel across country to "hit" a trail that leads to their old haunts, and often *en route* join a herd and remain with them for company, like human beings, it can easily be seen how difficult

a thing it was to recover such property in a new country, with a single beaten trail running east and west, and hundreds of miles to the north and south uninhabited.

A very fine team of horses, heavy and well-bred, became restive descending the Big Gully,* broke the tongue of the waggon and, getting free from the traces, or "tugs," made off into a bush country. The owner followed hard after them, endeavouring to trace their whereabouts in a sparsely-settled district. Failing in his quest, he came across their remains twelve days later, their bodies almost eaten by coyotes. The horses, being fastened together by the neck-yoke and harness, had got entangled in a tree and been starved to death.

At the well-kept ranch of Peter Painton—now the railway station of Paynton—Colonists were made very welcome, and all information given likely to benefit the new-comers. Peter, one of the oldest "squatters" in the Saskatchewan Valley, had put up hay in the Big Gully for his cattle every year for a long time before the advent of the Colony. Settlers who bought stock from Mr. Painton were invariably satisfied and well treated at his place.

* North of the trail. See Map.

CHAPTER V

THE NEW LEADER

*"Where is the man a time like this demands,
With energy and mind
Our efforts to direct, and guide
The labours we now find?"*

WITH the desertion of the Colonists by Barr, and what appeared like to be the total failure of the undertaking in consequence of his one-man management idea, the moment seemed fraught with dire misfortune—to say nothing of the future.

But the moment brought the man—the Rev. George Exton Lloyd, M.A., afterwards Principal Lloyd of Emanuel College, Saskatoon, who, backed by a Settlers' Committee, promptly took charge. Reassuring the panic-stricken ones, who had turned their waggon poles east, that all was not yet lost, he prevailed on them to retrace their steps. With diplomacy and leadership worthy of a general, he guided the destinies of the Colonists until, matters becoming normal, they were able to elect their own Council and appoint a reeve to manage their affairs.

It should here be stated, in view of much misapprehension concerning the Rev. G. Lloyd, that his connection with the Colony was partly voluntary;

and that, although he originally suggested the Colony scheme whilst working in London in connection with the Colonial and Continental Church Society, he, however, deferred to one who showed such a bold plan of organisation at the start as did Barr. But Mr. Lloyd saw with regret that his much-cherished hopes were about to be dashed to pieces in many ways. He, however, sought the aid of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and under its auspices as Chaplain, with his wife and a family of tender years, made the journey and faced the trials of the trail with this party of Britishers.

Lloydminster, or Town of the First Church, was, as its prefix indicates, named in acknowledgment of Mr. Lloyd's services to the community.

Through good or ill report, the Rev. George Lloyd was always found to be a "fighting parson"—the living embodiment of the "Church Militant," convincing his opponents of the justice of his cause, and his conviction of it, by opposing them "to the death," if necessary. Many were the wordy battles of those days over the Liquor Saloon licence, the Herd Law, the moving of the Post Office, Town Lots, etc., etc., and although he did not win in every case, his opponents got severe handling from him—and his was a moral victory!

It might be well to mention here, because of ignorance in the matter by many of the good man's detractors, that the present town site in Saskatchewan, east of the "Gore strip," was the original homestead of Mr. Lloyd—160 acres, and

is not the value of this site to-day a huge figure? This he voluntarily surrendered to the Government in order to provide a free town-site for the people! Can any person now point at *him* as a parson seeking after the almighty dollar from first to last? The C.N.R. town-site adjoining, when placed on the market, was offered in individual lots at from \$300.00 to \$500.00 per lot, and eight lots were contained in one acre; so one can calculate the then value of this original homestead. Mr. Lloyd, of course, stipulated that a quarter section be given him instead, and this was granted at a distance a trifle less than two miles from the present town site.

Almost the first thing which the new leader of the Colonists did was to revive confidence in the Colony idea—that only under communal existence could the district become a flourishing one. The “paper” idea of a town-site, therefore, took practical shape, as already stated. The *talk* of a railway through the district ‘developed’ by his energy into a contract signed and closed by some of the people themselves, and the work of grading was commenced by the settlers under Pete Gordon, a capable engineer of long experience.

The Barr stores, or remnant of them, along with others now brought in daily, were handled by a Committee, of whom Nathaniel Jones was chief storekeeper and “Uncle” Clarkson the deputy.

By June 1st. 1903, a fairly large camp was in being on the Fourth Meridian; from here the settlers went out to their located homesteads in

that vicinity, and westwards beyond Vermilion River; the others all along the trail up to this Camp locating as they found suitable land.

Were one to go on re-telling the deeds of this remarkable man in connection with Lloydminster this volume would not suffice, and the author would be tempted away from his present purpose. Who has not heard of Mr. Lloyd's catechists and his original log Church of St. John—the first in the Saskatchewan Valley? Are not these known throughout the Empire and wherever the Church is active?

Of Mrs. Lloyd and her work in those early days it is only necessary to say that hers was an ever-open door. Her shack served as a church and dwelling alternately, and it was always open to the storm-bound settler driving his ox team in from the wind-swept prairie.

Of the family three of the boys served in the Great War, two of them as officers. Mr. Lloyd was on a mission to the Indians up in the Peace River, travelling principally by canoe, when he heard of the outbreak of war. He immediately hastened to Ottawa and offered his services, but was refused on account of age. He had served previously with the "Queen's Own Regiment" in the '85 rising, where he distinguished himself and was mentioned in despatches.

The following circular letter, which was published by the new leader, is self-explanatory of the confusion in which the Colony affairs were involved and of the difficulties of putting matters right.

LLOYDMINSTER

LLOYDMINSTER POST OFFICE,
BRITANNIA, N.W.T.

July 23rd, 1903.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLONY OF 1902.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

So many letters have been sent to me from all over Canada from members of our party that it has been impossible to answer them all personally. Added to the miles of journeying on the trail in trying to arrange matters between Mr. Barr and the Colonists who held shares, etc., in his projects, I have had six weeks of scarlat fever in my own family. Had it not been for these things, the work of construction would have attained even more satisfactory proportions than it has already done. I will endeavour to deal with the chief points raised in these letters in the printed statement.

1. *The British Colony is not dead*—neither has it been "broken up" into sections and scattered around Battleford.

2. *The Barr Colony is dead*, and the members of the British Colony now living in the twenty or more townships of the first reservation desire that the name "Barr" shall no longer be applied to them.

I need hardly say that Mr. Barr is no longer in the Colony. That the British Colony has lost many of its original members (chiefly owing to the troubles which have arisen out of Barr's mismanagement) is quite true. Yet in spite of this the British Colony is very much alive, it being roughly estimated that between 500 and 600 have already entered for their land; and every mail is bringing in other applications from those scattered around Canada and in England. Many of those who located in other places whilst the troubles with Mr. Barr were at their worst have already expressed regret for their hasty action.

Of the future of Britannia there can be no question. We have a fine belt of land, and there is room for hundreds more

along the line of railway survey west of the present Headquarters Camp. The Bishop of Saskatchewan, in his sermon at Battleford, said that in thirty-five years' experience of the North-West he had seen no better, and this remark was endorsed by the Rev. Mr. Matheson, C.M.S., Missionary at Onion Lake. The Colony is every day assuming a more habited, home-like appearance—small houses and ploughed ground appearing in all directions. While it would be premature to say that everything is now sunshine, this much is already evident; that five years from now, those who have held on and those who come through next Spring will be very glad they did so. We have a fine district and a splendid set of people.

3. It will be remembered that at the mass meeting held at Saskatoon I interfered to prevent Mr. Clinksill, M.L.A., from taking any part, in the hope that things could be kept fairly quiet until all our people were on their land. Sickness and deaths in the Hospital kept me there long after everyone else had gone west. When I finally arrived at Battleford everything was in a turmoil. A number of Colonists met me and urged that a meeting be called at once to consider the situation. At this meeting the Colonists refused to be led by Mr. Barr any longer, and I was unanimously elected to become Director of Affairs. At my suggestion a Committee was appointed to assist me until an election could be taken of Director and Committee by townships. With some members of the new Committee I went up the trail and turned back many of those already returning. Prices at Mr. Barr's stores were then ruinous. Men showed receipts for oats at \$5.00 per sack of $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, and flour at \$6.00 (dollars) per hundred pounds. The Committee at once proceeded, independently of Mr. Barr, to put in new stores on the Co-operative plan, which system is now being adopted throughout the Colony. Since then we have been engaged almost incessantly in negotiating with Mr. Barr, who has caused us a vast amount of unnecessary travel, expense, and trouble, in trying to set matters straight again. These have now, I hope, come to an end. Mr. Barr has turned over a few stores amounting to

about \$2,000 value, and some of the Hospital supplies, but that is all.

In view of the circumstances, which I cannot enter into more fully now, I make the following recommendations:—

4. *Coming up to the Colony.*—All those who have obtained work round the country I would strongly urge to remain in these situations until next Spring, then to come up by way of Edmonton and the river to Fort Pitt, which is within twenty miles of Headquarters Camp. I do not advise anyone (in view of all the circumstances) to come up this Autumn, but by all means hold on where they are till April, and I will try and obtain reduced rates for them from the C.P. Railway.

5. *Those wishing to locate at once.*—None of Mr. Barr's location arrangements held good. The whole arrangement was impossible, and should never have been suggested; but for those who wish to make sure of a homestead in the Colony at once, if they will send me their Homestead Receipt, I will do my best to get a good location set aside for them. The fewer names together the easier to get good homesteads. This will prevent strangers coming in taking up the best of the land ahead of your arrival. But it should be done at once, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed.

6. *Homestead Fees Returned.*—I can do nothing in this matter. Application should be made to Deputy-Minister Smart at Ottawa. He will, I am sure, see that you obtain satisfaction.

7. *Absentee Fees.*—If you are coming to the Colony, apply to Deputy-Minister Smart at Ottawa for the return of the fee. If you are coming up add this receipt to the Power of Attorney enclosed and I can use it to pay a guide to select homesteads.

8. *C.P.R. Land Deposits.*—Write about these at once to H. C. Burlingham, Esq., C.P.R. Land Agent for Battleford, N.W.T. He is most anxious to do all he can to help you in the matter.

9. *Baggage left in Immigration Hall, Saskatoon.*—Write to

Mr. Speers, c/o T. Obed-Smith, Esq., Winnipeg, about it, and keep on writing to him until you get it.

10. *Baggage on C.P.R.*—Write to Baggage Masters, C.P.R. Station, Saskatoon. If no satisfaction, write the General Manager, Winnipeg, and keep writing.

11. *Baggage put in Mr. Barr's Tent.*—Write to Mr. Sutton in charge of Baggage Tent, Saskatoon, and keep writing until you get it. I am 200 miles away and cannot do much to help in this matter of baggage.

12.—*Store Shares (Founders and Ordinary)*—*Transport Shares*—*Contracts for Ploughing, etc.*—The Committee have some goods and stock on hand which they are selling in the interests of those who hold receipts for these shares, but they may take some time to realise on. Mr. Barr offers to settle all these claims at £4 5s. per £5 share, but the Committee are asking him for at least £4 10s. If you will sign the enclosed Power of Attorney and return it to me, together with all your receipts, we will do our best to safeguard your interests in these matters. We already have a large number of receipts on hand, but Mr. Barr refuses to hand over any more material until we can show shares for the extra amount claimed. I need hardly add the sooner you do this the better.

13. *Tents, Blankets, Waterproof Sheets, etc.*—Where you have not received these pin the receipts for money paid to the Power of Attorney and the Committee will do the best they can in the matter.

14. *Hospital Tickets.*—Mr. Barr has promised to turn over the stuff bought, but even when this is done there will be no money to return.

15. *Wives and Families in England.*—My advice is distinctly to leave them there till Spring, and I will in the meantime make arrangements for them to come in the party next April—sailing so as to reach Edmonton on or before May 1st, thence down the river to Fort Pitt, where a twenty-mile drive will land them at Headquarters.

16. *Party leaving England—Spring, 1904.*—I will make

arrangements for all those who wish to come to the Colony from England to come together in one party about the beginning of April. I will either go over myself to bring them out, or find a trustworthy person to see this properly carried out, but I can say nothing further about it until arrangements are in a more advanced state than at present.

17. Grading for the Railway line will begin in a very few days now, and while I do not recommend anyone to leave the place they now have before April next, yet the future of the Colony is assured, and by the Spring of 1904 we shall have forgotten all the unpleasant experiences of 1903.

18. By the unanimous vote in three places it was decided that the name of the whole twenty odd townships now forming the British Colony should be Britannia, N.W.T., and the name of the first town Lloydminster. This address has been sent to the Postal Authorities and is now official, as at the head of the letter.

19. When writing to me, please write only about one subject in each letter; so that they can at once be put into their proper folio. Keep me informed of your Postal Address so that I can let you know later on what arrangements have been made.

20. To those who have sent me a dollar here and a dollar there, to help put up our little churches, I wish to return my warmest thanks for the thoughtfulness. A Colony without a church would not be worth much.

With kindest regards,
Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE EXTON LLOYD.
Chaplain, and Chairman of Committee.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY DAYS IN THE COLONY

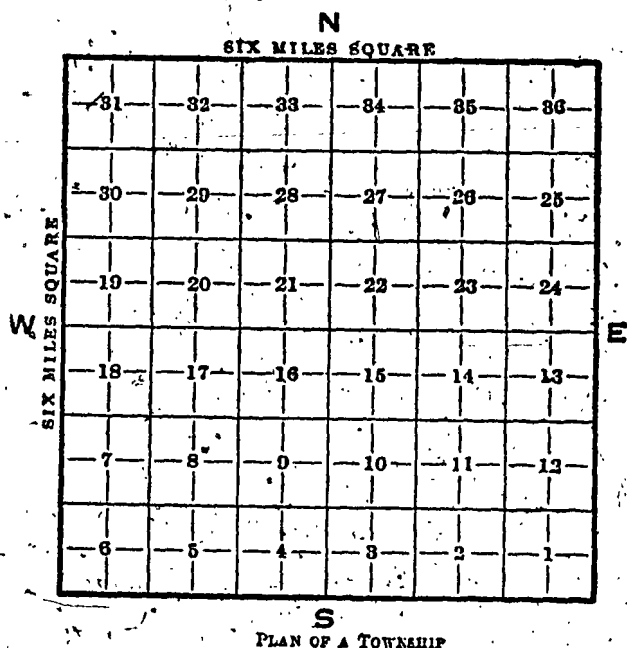
ARRIVING at the long-looked-for end of the journey West was one thing and the locating on the land was another. Extraordinary as it may seem, the great bulk of the people—whilst in England and by the magic of Barr's wand and voice—had located and fixed their exact one hundred and sixty acres grant in this land while over 5,000 miles away; moreover, they had paid ten dollars for the entry and obtained an "interim receipt" from the same source. It was all done by means of a map; but those who trusted to the office-made figures and drawings presented, found when they came to go over the actual ground that things were different from what they had seemed.

Mr. Barr, who had located hundreds of trusting people on a map, had the Government's authority in stating that sixteen townships were reserved for the Colony—the townships having such names as Nottingham, Kent, York, etc. But these names were only on paper. There seemed to be plenty of land, for thirty-six sections—of 640 acres each—are in a township, the land lying in blocks of sections, the alternate sections being railroad land grants, Hudson Bay and School Lands.

Each section of 640 acres was in turn divided into four quarters of 160 acres. Each of these formed a homestead and was described as the North-East, South-West, etc., quarter-section of Section So-and-so, in township —, Range —. Thus it will be seen that on the plan or map it was a simple thing to locate your land; allowing that the corner stakes were still there. But successive fires had swept through the country since the survey party had placed them, and very few of them existed. Even the township corner pits were overgrown with vegetation and not easy to find. Slough land and low-lying meadows with long grasses defied any attempt to discover landmarks, and many days were lost in this work. The intervening sections, being Railway grants, were not available as home-steading land, and the danger in not being certain of your land-survey-marks was that you would most likely be on this reserved land instead of your own grant.

For road purposes there were sixty-six feet allowed for in the survey between sections running North and South, and between every two sections running East and West. These roads might be opened up as the district progressed, the settlers in the township doing the work, and putting their horse teams on the heavy grading of hills, etc., in lieu of taxes being charged for such improvements.

However, these difficulties of finding lands were surmounted with the aid of Government guides—Messrs. Snow, Donovan, and others; whilst Mr. Langley—now the Honourable George Langley—



Minister for Municipal Affairs, Regina—acted the part of Land Agent in facilitating new entries on other land where difficulties as to distance, position, etc., existed. In fact, in every way the Government officials helped the people on to their land, remaining in the district for some months on this work alone. The date of the first entries on the lands by the records show May 12th, 1903.

This land seeking, not in the programme as laid out in Barr's office, gave many people the chance of gaining a first-rate knowledge of locating land by the aid of the compass, which knowledge they turned to good account later on; for there was much directing to be done when other would-be settlers came through in the following years, until all the country was settled and only railway lands could be bought. Incidentally it might be remarked that this land first sold at \$3.00 per acre.

A guide, with his own team and democrat, would be able to command up to ten dollars per day in land-hunting for, say, three persons; and, taking an average of a week's work, in a trip of this kind it was good pay—allowing that plenty of land-seekers were around. In every case the settler-guides developed such a knowledge of the country that they were able to give good advice concerning the districts open to settlement, the soil, etc., so that the new-comers considered themselves fortunate in being able to get them.

It was thought nothing to set out as far south as Manitou Lake and further. The Battle River was safely crossed and the land through which

the Grand Trunk Railway ran was opening up in Settlements. Again, to the eastward and into the Cut-knife district, plenty of good land was to be had for the taking, or entry on in the ordinary way.

The people were soon busy on the land, ploughing or "breaking" the virgin sod, hauling poplar logs for building shacks or log-cabins, and sod-houses with the thatch made from the long slough-grasses were commonly seen. —

For lumber of the plain wood type, people travelled to Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan River, or to Hewitt's Landing. Once the difficult descent was made, Mr. Hewitt—a respected old-timer in the West—assisted by his family, helped the new-comers to obtain their lumber. Many "scows" came down the river to this point heavily laden with flour and other necessities, and the Fort Pitt trail was a busy one in those times. A year or so later a well-graded and new landing-place further west was made and found to be of great benefit:

The celebration of Dominion Day, July 1st, 1903, was observed in the Colony, and, notwithstanding the uncertain state the Colonists were in, the enthusiasm and "go" put into the arrangements was a surprise. There were sports of all kinds—both flat and horse events—bucking contests on broncos, etc. The North-West Police detachment, under Inspector McInnes, kept the course and aided in every way to make the day a success. The festivities wound up with a fine

patriotic concert, the people revelling in the idea that they were now citizens of that great Confederation of the Provinces, and looking forward to enjoying its benefits and far-reaching effects. The strains of *The Maple Leaf for Ever* and the *National Anthem*, led by an impromptu orchestra of both brass and reed instruments, were heard to good effect.

Many Indians, both of the Cree and Blackfoot tribes, half-breeds, and some settlers—principally French—were present, having travelled for days from the near-by reservations on learning of the new white people who had come to live in their neighbourhood. These contributed greatly to the sport.

October of the same year (1903) brought our Colonists a bitter experience, for the Railway-Grading Camp had closed down and much dissatisfaction ensued as to the contract monies. Suffice it to say that the workers received but little for their labours owing to bad management.

Much work had to be done on the homesteads ere the winter set in; log houses had to be completed, and a multitude of things to be put in order before the cold weather came. Practically everything necessary to comfort had to be made by the people themselves—stables, chairs, tables, window-frames, etc.—out of logs, for the small amount of lumber at Fort Pitt supplied only a fraction of the requirements. Of course this work could not be done by those who were on the trail and at the grading work, bringing in the necessary

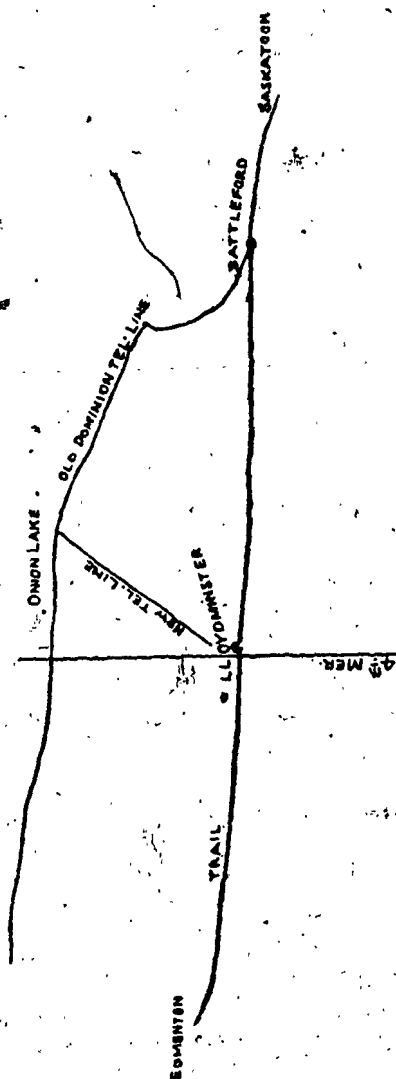
supplies of food from the outside world—the crops, being put in so late, were but as a drop in the ocean—so the old “doubling-up” principle was again brought into force, and as the pioneers had helped each other get waggons out of mud, so they now assisted each other in their houses or shacks.

For those who were absolutely on their “bottom uppers” a large marquee did duty as a “house of refuge,” and a few families lived there until the following Spring. Settlers coming from a long distance also used this tent whilst staying overnight. In the winter this tent was kept warm by two large stoves supplied with wood fuel and by banking snow outside against the walls. It was the nucleus of life in the little village, and for the winter many people came in from the far-out homesteads to spend their time of enforced idleness in social contact and enjoyment of their fellows.

Here started the famous Britannia Rifle Association, Agricultural Society, Literary Club, and South African Veterans' Association. Concerts and musical evenings took place during the winter in this large tent; discussions on many topics, both useful and educative; news of the Japanese-Russo War—then at its height—was here related by teams of freighters from Battleford, causing much interest.

The Government, in order to have some communication with the Colony during the winter, sent George Mann—Telegraph Operator at Saddle Lake in the north country—to superintend the

LLOYDMINSTER



Telegraph line between Lloydminster and the Onion Lake line.

making of a telegraph line by the Colonists from the village to a point twenty-two miles north-east, where it tapped the Onion Lake-Battleford line. Thus was made a loop-line in constant touch with civilisation—by telegraph, at any rate.

The telegraph gang were a husky lot, and under "Russling George" some speed was made with the "wire-stringing," as he termed it. Starting where the present flour mill stands, the men, armed with crowbars and shovels, attacked the frozen ground—for it was now towards the end of November—and made the holes deep enough to hold the poplar poles which another gang cut in the near-by bluffs and hauled to the new line. A few miles out camp was formed, and moved on as the work progressed—always pushing North-east and eventually reaching the Onion Lake line about the 23rd of December.

Some of the gang may be remembered to-day; the Grey brothers, "Uncle" Clarkson, Bolton—afterwards a licence commissioner, "Bob" Morrison (killed in a grain elevator), Syd Vine the "Smuggler," Claxton, Robinson, Shamus McCormick, Phil Belsham, the "Fluter," Joe Hill, Allan Sutherland, "the Fiddler," "Artillery" Atkinson, Jim Proctor, "Young Jerry," Jeffreys, "Old Jordan," Jack Loaney, or "Kitchener's Cook," and Stanley.

Seldom, indeed, did a party of men work more in accord, even with the efforts of one who had attempted to ruin the noble Kitchener's stomach. The hilarity of the gang could not be restrained

or good feeling diminished, whilst the conditions of the season required much staying-power to withstand the hardships encountered. The droll stories told in the Yorkshire dialect by Proctor were only off-set and equalled by the tales of many lands told by Phil the Fluter. These whiled away the evenings when work hours had ceased and all sat or stood around the cheery camp fire. Possibly the brightest of the party was Young Jerry, ever ready at repartee or joke or to give a willing hand at the hardest work when required. He was a good-looking lad, keen and active, with a pleasant face not easily forgotten.

The gang struck camp and returned to the village by Christmas Eve, in time for the big festivities to be held in Hall & Scott's new store to celebrate the first Christmas Day in the Colony.

Jerry's age would be hard to guess, his was such a boyish and ever-smiling face; one could hardly take him seriously as a sample of the ordinary rough and crude pioneer. Yet withal he was full of pluck, though his joking manner seemed to belie it. Born in London of poor parentage, he was in early life placed in one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes—and the boys of this deserving institution, as a rule, have afterwards proved themselves in every walk of life to be men.

A Miss Sisley, a person of means and philanthropic motives, had conceived the idea of a party of young working lads joining the Barr Colony and forming their own community on co-operation

lines. She provided the initial monies to start them and courageously came with the party herself. "Sisley's" was a well-known point on the trail for some years afterwards. Young Jerry was one of this party.

After the festivities of Christmas Day, in which he took a joyful part, Jerry set out on the snow-beaten trail to walk to Sisley's, a distance of twenty-four miles. The weather was fine—almost warm in the bright sunlight so frequently seen in the depths of winter; and the snow, reflecting back its rays, gave the lad a joyful sense of freedom and exhilaration as he trudged along. He felt that he had no care in the world, but rather a proud sense of manhood—for he had worked on the Telegraph gang, and had a cheque for a goodly amount to show to and share with his partners of the little farm Colony and to delight the heart of Miss Sisley, his benefactress. He would reach Ozannie's in the afternoon and get a meal there, walk to Early's by nightfall, and stop there till next day, and by the following afternoon he would be with his chums, telling them his adventures whilst stringing wire with "Russling George."

But a dreadful blizzard arose suddenly on that second day—the day when young Jerry should have arrived home. His fellows did not know of his coming. In that blinding, whirling, stinging blast it was impossible to know where one was going, but he kept on his weary way, always hopeful that everything would come right in the end. The trail became whiter in the increasing dark-

ness—doubtless he was nearer home than he thought he was—he would keep going—no time to take a rest, nor was there a place to stop at or sit down—nothing but that great white stretch ever before and around him. On he tottered, almost falling—it was only a badger hole he had placed his foot in, he was not tired—but oh, it would be so nice to lie down for a few minutes and rest! But no; manfully struggling on again he made more headway, then he stopped, and tried to face the storm, hoping to see a friendly light—but nothing was visible save the white-clad wastes around him and the snow beating fast against his face.

He looked down closely at the ground. He was off the trail! Retracing (as he believed) his steps, he failed to locate the trail. Going forward again he hoped to strike it further on. After some weary plodding he came across footprints and eagerly followed them, hugging them almost with his tired feet. They seemed like good angels to him, beckoning him on. For a long time he followed them, then he stopped and looked around. . . . Nothing was in sight, and yet the place looked familiar. Those trees by the way—he recognised them by their shape. He looked at the tracks . . . his own footprints! He had been travelling in a big circle, like all persons lost in a snowstorm. Discouraged, puzzled, and tired, the last phase reached, he sank down to take a rest for a few minutes and think things out. He was sleepy and feeling cold now. . . .

His body was found when the snow disappeared in the following spring, half eaten by coyotes, his hands tightly clutching the cheque for which he had worked so strenuously.

Mr. Riddington, the popular Government Agent, arrived in the Colony in the spring, with instructions to look after the welfare of the people generally. To hear his hearty laugh and greeting was to feel that you knew the man at once, and the memories of "Billy" and the good work done by him will ever be remembered by the Lloydminster people. He was ably assisted by "Colonel" Gronow, the veteran soldier.

The would-be settlement known as Gay-and-Golden-Town had started on the site of the Grading Camp, one of the buildings being roofed with numerous copies of a well-known Farmers' Magazine in proper shingle formation. The publishers had not counted on this use for their publication—sent out in loads for the purpose of filling the heads of many farmers with knowledge, rather than the covering of them from the elements! But want of post-office facilities prevented the magazines from reaching the many. Shortly afterwards, a Post Office building, twelve by fourteen feet in size, was erected on Alberta Avenue, now Broadway, where McCormick's Office building stands to-day. Postmaster Flamank was in charge.

Miller's store, which had its being in a tent on the School Section Camp, moved to a new building on the Meridian Road—the present Main Street. The

original store was run by Mr. Ives, who, with his boys, homesteaded in the district and consequently ceased to run the store business. Messrs. Payling and Cann kept the first livery barn of log construction on the Meridian Road. Payling had served in the South African War. Paradis Crossing, after the first year, became the point for freighters to haul from the scows, making thus a new base on the River for supplies to the district. It was situate near where the present town of Vegreville stands.

Amongst the names of the old-timers may be mentioned Jacob Tweedale, Keightley Smith, Captain Bowen, Foote, Poulter, the Stills, Hathaways, Rendells, Arthur Blackwell, Phillips, the Salmons, George de Haviland (the poet), Causely, Halliday, "the acrobat," Warren, Curtis, Huxley, Barker, Ikin, Harpurs, Buckmaster, Bottomley, Lord Roffey, Gayford, Bibby, Bromley Moore, author and M.L.A., killed in the late war, Earlys, Clutterbuck, Ozannes, Williards, Laycock, Billy Richards, Jim Ashton,—afterwards Major Ashton, D.S.O.

These names recall many incidents which some day may be retold.

CHAPTER VII

PRAIRIE LIFE

THE first winter, possibly by reason of its novelty, was one of the most enjoyable of seasons in a country where the cold is remarkable for its severity at times.

Our old school-book impressions were that the word Canada was spelt in letters of icy coldness, but the weather up to, and on, Christmas Day was of a brilliancy hard to equal, although the snow lay on the ground and the nights were cold. In fact, on Christmas Day a most enjoyable football match was played by the teams "Telegraph Gang" *versus* "The Village Well-Diggers," in somewhat light costume too, the spectators being numerous and enjoying the game in the bright sunshine.

Then ensued some blizzard weather and, as time got on in the new year, a gradual tendency to lower temperatures, but there was almost always that bright sunshine which cheered and gave us such up-in-the-air spirits, the feeling of action and vim all the time. Possibly the coldest time was towards the end of January and well into February, the snowfall not being very great but the wind tending to make drifts out of its dry and sand-

like nature, sometimes packing the drifts tight and hard so that teams could drive right over and on top of them without breaking the crust.

It would be a mistake to think that all work ceased at this season. Certainly the land could not be worked, but a multitude of tasks that a too-busy harvest season had left unfinished were to hand—both outdoor and indoor.

So the spring came and found the Colonists full of hope with the seeding season near at hand and work of all kinds to be done—breaking land, building houses, etc. People in the old country spoke of dull, foggy, misty mornings having a lowering effect on their spirits; then with a burst of sunshine what different mortals they were, and what new hopes and ambitions took hold of them—a little sunshine or a little rain affecting temperature and temperament! Here, the constant natural sunshine of the West—*every day* it was with us—had power to dispel a world of shadows and low spirits.

Of the romance of prairie life much could be written, though none could ever realise its charm but he who has experienced it. The trail and its lowing oxen!—what memories they would bring back to the old-timer!—the halts by a gentle stream for the simple mid-day meal, nature all around, still and silent except for the bird-life; the grandness of the “Indian Summer,” commencing in the Fall about September; the warm and hazy atmosphere, the leaves—not yet fallen

from the trees—of a glorious autumn tint, and the grass a shade of khaki; the prairie, scanned for miles, beautifully undulating; in the distance clumps of bushes looking like ridges of trees, and far off on the horizon the haze lending shades indefinite, always suggestive of higher land. The waggoner, by day basking in the autumn sun and at night wrapped in his blanket; the clattering noise as the prairie chicken starts, all in a panic at sight of man; the crack of a gun that caps the meal with this savoury morsel, cooked with a wooden spit at the little camp fire, with dainty "slapjacks" for company! Yes, Romance was here, "far from the madding crowd" on a September day in Saskatchewan.

The Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, were a source of constant entertainment—especially on their first appearance. On bright clear nights, when the snow was on the ground, it was a great sight to observe the fantastic and weird shapes the lights would change into—often appearing in banked-cloud formation, then suddenly wheeling in columns. They would disappear, only to reappear in individual torchlight shapes stuck somehow in the firmament; then again gliding mysteriously away into effervescent groupings, to appear once more in ghostlike shapes with arms outstretched, as though appealing to Mother Earth. But when this slow, gliding movement gave way to the flashing Will-o'-the-wisp motion, and into the most freakish and wraith-like figures, it made the beholder think of and marvel at the beauty of

those strange forces with which the hand of God moves this universe.

The mirage on the prairie in the mornings of the springtime was another source of wonder. Looking east on a clear horizon a lake would appear low down on the sky-line, with islands and other features, quite clear to the eye although the water was twenty miles away. Or again, a town would appear with churches and houses clearly shown and distinctly seen until the sun would dispel the vision; then one would rub his eyes to make sure he was awake. These mirages would sometimes last for a whole morning and would fool travellers on the trail, to take another direction thinking they were nearing a town. Thus the question arose: "Did you see a mirage?" to account for the non-fulfilment of an appointment or being late in keeping it.

The prairie fire of the early days was a constant menace to the Colonist, and he learnt to provide against its outbreaks on his own land by fire-guarding, or controlling its limits in different ways, such as ploughing ten or twelve furrows of the soil outside of his quarter section or round his house; or by burning the grass in a circle round the fire, called "back-firing." But the back-firing is a dangerous resort and only made use of in cases of extreme danger, as the back-fire may get away from the "firer" and burn up everything near-by—possibly destroying all that one is seeking to save from the destroying initial fire.

Time and time again was the village with its tents and wooden huts in danger of being engulfed in the sweeping flames that practically encircled it, but the response to the tocsin of danger, spread far and wide by that splendid body of men, the North-West Mounted Police, was always of a ready and willing nature; and though the work caused many a sleepless night, the fire-fighters with plough and team, sack and broom, won out after working the livelong night. These fires in the early days would start probably forty or fifty miles away, with a frontage often of ten to twelve miles, and take everything in their way. Homestead, hay, and crops suffered, whilst the lonely freighter on the trail often escaped only by getting his team and waggon knee-deep in the slough waters or river near-by.

It was certainly a great and sensational sight to see these fires advance by day and night, the wind being the directing element, and anxious people on the far-out lands would pray that the wind might change or rain fall and save them from that prairie fiend—a prairie fire. In days of strong and continuous winds these fires have been known to jump the Battle River, and the ordinary fire-guard of the homestead was, in that case, of little use. To see a fire travel quickly through a bluff, or bunch of willow-brush, at such a time was most exciting; nothing could be done but stand by and look on, the devouring element occasionally making more headway than the fighters could keep up with—though on these

occasions a flank attack might often turn the flames out of the path of some benighted homesteader and his little home.

Daily reports would be brought in by settlers from far-out points, of heavy losses; the homeless ones were brought in with what little personal effects had been saved from the fire. On these occasions everyone turned out to help the sufferers—for what was their fate to-day would in all probability be their neighbours' to-morrow. Volunteer workers would start to rebuild home or barn, and everything was done in that happy spirit which makes labour a work of love and good-fellowship. Concerts would be held in the village and the proceeds given to the relief of those financially in need.

The causes of these fires were many; but the careless camper who, restarting on his way, neglected to put a guard of newly-ploughed soil round his camp-fire, and who left it with some few live embers, was often guilty of bringing much trouble, for a fresh wind would fan the embers into flames, and the surrounding grass—always combustible after June—would soon catch fire, and in a short time the country would be ablaze and unlimited injury done to property; the traveller on the trail was often guilty, too—though unwittingly—of carelessly throwing away a lighted match, or of knocking out the still lighted remnants of his pipe on the inflammable grass.

Back-firing was not justified in law except in certain straits, and the person found guilty of

setting fire to the prairie, whether by back-firing or mishap, was punished by a very heavy fine. The Police have been endowed with power to enforce all persons, except doctors and a few others, to fight prairie fires.

Many settlers farmed and freighted alternately for a few years after getting on their land. After breaking about ten acres of it, putting it in crop for "feed" oats or potatoes, they would "pull stakes" and start with teams and waggon for Edmonton or Saskatoon—the latter in order to get back, if possible, that lost baggage. In any case, they would haul some freight back—a 400-hundred mile journey altogether!—for freighters were always in demand.

The mails, also, were brought in this way; sometimes an ox team, jogging along with its slow, lever-like action, in and out of muskeg, would dump the all-precious mail bags into the river—those letters from far-off Britain that were so prized! Indeed all the stuffs sold in the stores which were then opening on the new town-site, were brought from Edmonton by these embryo farmer-freighters; Crossley, Proctor, Clarkson, Bromley Moore, Robinsons, Phillpotts, McCormicks, Noyes, Belsham, Storey, Phillips, Jones, and many others.

Where the settler lived far from the village, his journeys to and fro were thus of a long and difficult nature, in all kinds of weather, with a hard trail to follow, whether with oxen or the faster horse

teams ; and if he sought to make the trip to the village and back in a day, to get any necessary articles at the store, it meant coming home in the darkness—possibly by another trail in a country new to him, and the road would seem endless. At a time like this very few landmarks were visible, and the monotony of the bare prairie land was only equalled by the loneliness of the journey across it.

Full many a person on a more serious mission of life would afterwards recall these days and take from them many a lesson of which, perhaps, the most valuable was patience. He would remember that as he travelled over new ground the path seemed longer, but by later familiarity its features became recognisable and the deceptiveness of distance was overcome.

When oxen were used on a long journey, though slow, they would travel in tireless fashion all the time—ever jogging on contented and uncomplaining to the end. In those days of few trails, and when cross-country travel was necessary, in a new district much depended on these animals finding their way home on dark nights.

On and on, as though the road were endless, the night seeming to envelop all; whilst the anxiety to be home increased. Uncouth shapes amongst the willow-scrub lent a background to perspective shacks that did not exist, and which the mind knew full well could not contain the welcome light in the window.

In the winter, with all the snows around, it

seemed lighter and was more bearable—providing a trail had been made already, but to the traveller making his trail amidst the trackless waste, ever seeking his direction, hard was the work for man and beast. The darkness gave an exaggerated size to everything, and bluffs or clumps of trees took on forest dimensions and appeared as if close by. In vain he looked for a light. Only the twinkling stars or the Northern Lights appeared in wraith-like forms to mock him. Always on and on, the trail unfolding new views and puzzling shapes that might mean anything or nothing. How anxiously he looked, seeking a light—the light in his window. Could that be it? . . . Yes, there was the bluff of poplars and the open space beyond around the lake. Now—forward gladly—a twinkle through the trees! Thank goodness, the light in the window! He was home once more—and resolving to take no more night trips in the future.

Ballymuck Castle was seen from far distances. This building was quite a feature of the neighbourhood, being situated about three miles south of the village and on the Meridian road, the district now known as Southminster. The Castle, which was demolished in the great storm of 1908, was noted as a place of call for many wayfarers travelling northwards to the then village. It was a structure built of logs, in the turret style, somewhat resembling the early French period of architecture, and the out-houses were a never-ending source of

wood supply to the various persons who frequented the Castle. Stabling, of a kind, was here to be had free, whilst all could make merry in the owner's absence and at any time they chose. Many a traveller, village bound and far south, when he caught sight of the twinkling lights of the Castle, high fixed in the topmost turret, would be rejoiced—for now he was assured of his direction, and he felt that to be in sight of this landmark was like being at the weary journey's end.

CHAPTER VIII

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE COLONY

"The greatest battles have been won by Woman."

IN all colonising movements much could be said about the noble efforts and endurance of our women-folk, but possibly they were never seen to greater advantage than in the making of the Barr Colony.

From the very moment of resolve to take part in the expedition they backed up their men all along the line. Women bravely bore their part in leading the oxen on their slow-moving march, in the pitching of the tent for the night, as well as attending to the usual work that falls to woman's lot. Often when mere man lacked the spirit to go forward in face of so many difficulties, woman was the spur, and woman the master-mind in the decision to advance and brave the unknown.

Many were the teams, with heavily-laden waggons, which remained stuck fast in the mud until, by a woman's pluck and guidance, they were once more safely driven out of the slough or muskeg; and many were those who dared the passage of the fearsome Eagle Hills because of the women.

Yet these women were not used to rural life; indeed, like most of the men, the city had been their home.

The patience and unselfish devotion of the women was only equalled by the perseverance and courage with which they surmounted obstacles enough to make men pause and consider the worth of it all! The fact that the future "home," with all that it meant, was in the making was, no doubt, the great magnet which drew them on, enabling them to see before them visions of a great future and a new happiness of which they were to be a centre part.

The homes that they had left, and the old land sentiment and tradition which bind its people together, were to these women the links to hold them together and spurs to urge them on to build their homes anew.

Woman and Home! Surely the terms are synonymous! For did not those Old Land homes breathe of sunshine, the love of country, and all that is good? In the far-world parts of our Empire, for the old country and the old homes we men still do and dare and face the battle—for those old home feelings *will never leave us!* The home and its teaching is the moulding pot wherein our future careers are cast.

Once the location was decided on, the settler's first work was to build his house, and many of the gentler sex used the axe to good effect in hewing down trees; these they likewise carried to the

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builders. Later, they helped to seed the first few acres of "breaking"—indeed many women could claim to have done this entirely by themselves while the men were busy with other labours.

The sun was barely risen when they had to be astir, the darkening hours of night scarce saw a cessation of the long day's toil—for was not that dreadful time of winter but a few months ahead, and was it not something to be afraid of? The house must be made proof against frost such as they had never before experienced.

Women's work will ever be associated with the early life of the Colony and their help acknowledged by all; and in later times, when the comforts of life were, in a degree, easier of attainment, and those social events dear to the feminine heart were possible, then was seen the enthusiasm of the sex in co-operating to get additions built to small schools and churches, which could be used as Community Halls for the time being. Anything and everything was utilised for the purpose. Volunteer labour was invited—the women, the leading spirits, finding ways and means and always persevering to the end.

But in times of distress and real hardship caused by prairie fire or other misfortune, when a luckless family was bereft of home and the bare prairie became their only refuge from the elements—possibly in the depths of a severe winter and blizzard weather prevailing—the neighbouring women would take the unfortunate ones to their

own homes—of limited accommodation—and perform all those deeds of goodness which have made woman's name to be surrounded with a halo. Many were the "bees" or parties formed to rebuild the burned homes, or to re-fit them with the necessities of life.

The following will serve as an example of fortitude and courage displayed by a settler's wife.

Her husband was engaged with his team of oxen, cutting hay. The animals, being startled by some movement near by, swerved to an angle with the mower and dashed off, throwing their driver from his seat right across the cutting-bar and in a most dangerous position, for the machine, being in gear, was liable to cut him to pieces. He was unable to stop the team, for the reins had been torn from his hands in falling. The team made for home, which fortunately was only a short distance away, and the unfortunate man was severely lacerated, his leg being caught underneath the bar.

The team continued on and the settler's wife, hearing his cries for help, hurried out of the house. One can picture her feelings at the dreadful spectacle! The situation needed a cool head and a quick brain—an open well was in front of the on-coming oxen; if they reached it it was ten to one she would see her husband disappear down the opening—and the well was sixty feet deep. Taking in the situation at a glance, and picking up a short club, the fearless wife sped straight to the heads

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of the brutes, calling on the oxen to stop. They slowed down to a walk, and by dint of club and voice she at last halted them—only a few yards from the well!

Then, without waiting, she unhitched the animals and let them free whilst she rushed to aid her husband. No fainting or shrinking from horror hers! How to extricate her man from the mower was the job in hand and no other help was nigh, the nearest neighbour being miles away.

She found that her husband's leg was firmly wedged under the mower, while his hands and body were deeply cut by the mower knife. With almost superhuman strength she partly lifted the mower and freed the leg. The ankle was broken.

The sufferer had swooned, and the brave woman, not stopping for a moment, procured an armful of hay and laid him tenderly upon it. His wounds she washed and bandaged—but she, poor woman, could do nothing for the broken ankle. What was to be done? No help could be forthcoming until she made known the catastrophe to the neighbours some miles away, and she alone could not carry her husband to the house—over one hundred yards away. But, resourceful to the last, she got hold of one of the oxen and, with the harness already on him, hitched the animal to the “stone boat”—used as a sled to take the stones off ploughed land—and placing the hay upon this she managed to move her husband on to it. Thus she drew him to the house.

More difficult was the getting of him to bed,

but, half in her arms and half dragging him, she managed it at last. Then, hastening on foot—for it was quicker than by ox team—she went a few miles across the prairie in the darkness—for night had fallen—to obtain aid.

When the doctor arrived the injured man was attended to; but it was many months before he was able to be about again. And well did his wife nurse him, at the same time doing all things necessary within the home and working outside in addition.

What those early days would have been without women to cheer their men, to laugh, even at the obstacles, to comfort when comfort was most needed, it would be very hard to say. If we could picture the world without women, would it not be a most desolate spot? . . . the woman-hater the only happy man—*perhaps!*

When many of our youthful bachelor settlers prevailed on their homeland girls to come out and brave the perils and pleasures of the prairie home, then did the women of the Colony aid them in their wedding arrangements. They welcomed and mothered the newcomers and vied with one another in doing many little acts of love in a tactful way.

As to the dances in the schoolhouse—the tea-parties. . . . Why, nothing could have been done without the women—nothing ever was a success without them!

Many a simple log home was kept going by a woman's work when crops failed—just the woman and the cow as home providers. Many a fine

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dairy herd of to-day came through that one-time lonely cow!

As time went on work increased, and often when their men-folk were away obtaining logs at the River, or on other journeys occupying days, often weeks, the wife—with possibly some young children—would be left to look after everything by herself—milking, feeding cattle, and the various details of husbandry.

On one such occasion night had closed down on the quiet farmstead, and the mother, who had put the little ones to rest, was sewing by the lamp-light, when a cry rang out in the stillness of the night. What was it?

Going to the door, she peered into the darkness of the prairie all around. Nothing was to be seen—possibly it was only the cry of a coyote or the hooting of an owl in the bluff near by. She closed the door again and sat down, listening intently. Fear of a mishap or accident to her husband naturally set her mind in a fever of unrest. She set the lamp in the window, so that any lost wayfarer would be guided thereby.

Again the cry! This time it seemed more distinct—it pierced the air like a woman's shriek. Had a woman lost her way on the prairie?

Taking up the hurricane-lamp and lighting it, she prepared to go out and investigate.

With the mother's instinct, she took a hasty survey of the sleeping children, kissed them, and then went forth. But which direction to take she knew not. She waited for a repetition of the cry

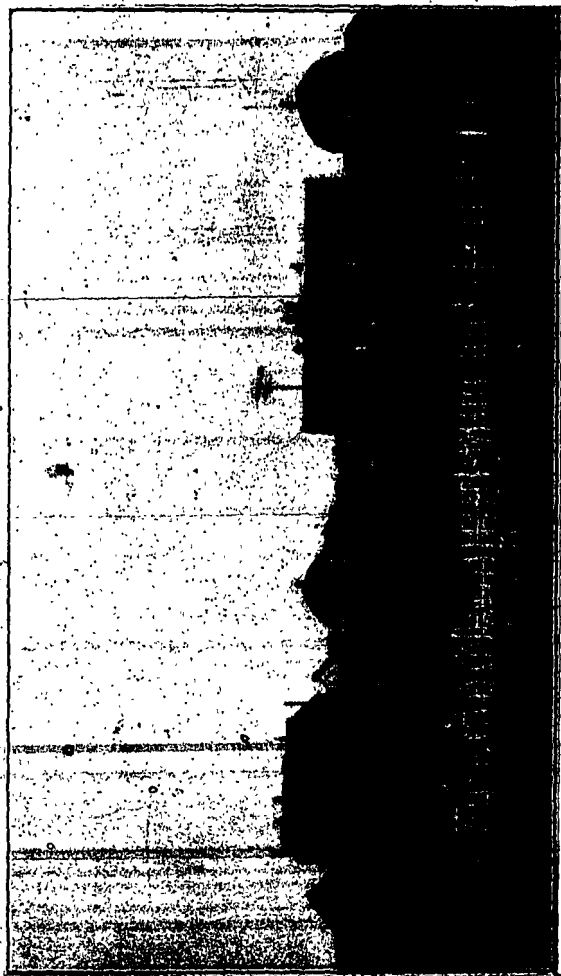
then without hesitating bent her steps accordingly ; much bush and intervening broken ground would have to be traversed.

She stumbled on—at times almost falling ; getting through the barbed wire surrounding the pasture field, then through the willow scrub. She had gone well over a mile when she judged by the cries her nearness to the scene of the mishap. In the darkness the prairie had seemed interminable ; now she was tripped up by twigs and torn by bushes. At last the light of her lamp fell upon the form of a young girl of about sixteen years, lying on the ground very badly injured. She was the daughter of a near-by neighbour.

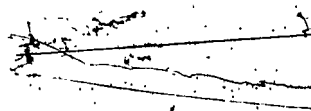
The girl explained that in riding a bronco horse towards home he had bolted and thrown her, her leg being broken in the fall. She had swooned, and on coming to had found that she was unable to move.

Making her as comfortable as possible by wrapping her shawl around her, the woman was just considering what was best to be done when she heard calls and saw a light flashing in the distance. Her neighbours, who had been alarmed at the girl's absence and the home-coming of the riderless horse, had been searching the prairie for her. The friendly hurricane-lamp twinkling afar off now acted as a beacon to direct their way.

It was fully three miles to the girl's home, but willing feet went for a conveyance to bring her there ; and a doctor was sent for. The leg was set and bound in splints, and though recovery was slow, it eventually was healed.



A PURE-BRED STOCK FARM NEAR LASHBURN.



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8

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The woman who had braved the darkness of the prairie and found the girl in spite of such difficult conditions, was able to reach her own home by the light of day.

Many such incidents could be told, and though common in every new country where pioneering effort was required, yet in the old land to which these people belonged the ordinary mind had not grasped this fact; that mere weak woman, as she was termed, was capable of as great fortitude a man—perhaps greater.

Of woman's devotion and patient toil through years of failure of crops, of repeated misfortunes of every kind when all seemed lost after much effort, what pen could draw an estimate? When the novelty of their surroundings had worn off and the romance of the new life had been stripped bare and nothing remained but the sordid side of their humble existence; when they thought of years ahead, of the sameness of that existence, with nothing, apparently, to justify their great sacrifice in quitting their old-land home, were they daunted? No! Their innate nature rose to the occasion and spurred them on to fresh endeavour—to patience greater than of old!

CHAPTER IX

SHAMUS THE BARBER

" Though this be madness, yet there is method in it ! "

—HAMLET.

THAT Shamus was Irish was beyond a doubt—for his very brogue proclaimed his birth; and in many of his humorisms he often told of his descent from a long line of Ulster kings, and how his fighting ancestors had chased the Sassenach across the beautiful Lough Neágh, or into the fastnesses of Slemish. On the annual St. Patrick's Day celebration, of which he was the prime organiser, he would rouse enthusiasm in all by his oration, or specially composed poem, in laudation of his patron saint.

Shamus had served his country, as a mere lad, in the South African Campaign in an Irish Cavalry regiment, and had gone through the horrors of hunger as a prisoner of war with the Boers. He was fond of telling how he had bewitched his captors by ingeniously engraving their pipes—thus getting a handful of flour in return. Shamus was a born artist in this respect, and many of the Colonists have mementoes to this day of his work whilst on shipboard and on the later trail journey to the Colony.

Possibly no one took Shamus seriously when he announced to all and sundry of the then village that he was starting a barber's shop, that an "orchestra" would play continuously throughout the opening day, and that everyone would be shaved by him gratis—to prove, evidently, that he was capable of manipulating the deadly razor! Or was it a bribe with which to tempt the unwary settlers—many with months of growth upon their faces—ample material to practise on? Shaving was a luxury to everyone in those early days and not often availed of.

But Shamus was in earnest, for necessity had caused this departure in occupation. Whilst he and his partner had been digging a well on their homestead the partner had fallen down some twenty feet or more, breaking his leg—a very serious catastrophe, and the more so because of the lack of necessary medical appliances for the setting of a limb. With much difficulty the injured man was brought to the village, and after an anaesthetic being given, in the shape of a jugful of whiskey—for there was nothing else available—the leg was set in rude splints.

Then Shamus promptly decided to be barber for the village in order to obtain the necessaries of life for both.

His venture was a success. Never was such an opening day known! The volunteer orchestra turned out in brave fashion; Causley, the leading fiddler; Everett, the second fiddle; Belsham, the fluter; Christie, the cornet; while Shamus him-

self beat the drum between shaves. The musicians performed outside whilst the crowd which thronged into the log shack were being treated to bloody, yet lightning-quick shaves; Resident Government-Agent Riddington among others, who, with a jovial laugh, tells of it to-day.

But Shamus alone can tell of those awful growths of hair—of every size and texture—that confronted him day by day; stubbly patches that refused to fall before the razor; of Sunny Jim, who had no hair on his face whatever and yet was ambitious of being shaven; of shaving the Bishop; the Indian Chief from the local Reservation who kept talking of his part in the Battle of Batouche in the '85 rising; and cowboys with hair almost like a woman's, except that a comb would not go through it. Looking back, Shamus regards himself as a courageous man to have been a barber in those days! But what about his victims?

In his desire to create some fun Shamus got himself into what, to the ordinary person, would seem a serious position—but Shamus knew what he was about. Finding that his favourite horse had by mistake been impounded and held by the local authority, our Irishman, boldly and in daylight, "rescued the animal out of lawful keep," and was promptly arrested by the North-West Police. When taken before the magistrate, Dr. Amos, the minimum penalty of one dollar fine was imposed.

Manifesting righteous indignation, and declaring his innocence, Shamus demanded an option, and,

to the surprise of everyone, chose ten days imprisonment.

Then commenced the fun. Never was a prisoner so joyful and full of frolic! There was no jail in those benighted times, no irons, and our prisoner enjoyed better fare and better quarters than his lonely prairie shack afforded. He declared his intention to escape if his custodians left him alone in the tent which was their sole quarters, and so, laughingly accompanied them wherever they went about the country, often riding a handsome horse or driving behind a team of greys in the Police democrat. Betimes he was busy on his favourite work of engraving, and raised, during his imprisonment, a handsome sum for the new hospital by the sale of a wonderful piece of work on a pipe "done by a poor prisoner."

Shamus, like others, turned his hand to many things. For over five years he freighted loads on that 400 mile journey to Edmonton and back—shooting his food by day, and sleeping in his blanket under the waggon at night. When the journey ended he returned to the log shack on the homestead where he renewed his farm work with vigour.

During one of these trips, our friend, in company with others, had his waggon outfit completely burnt by a prairie fire which overtook them about forty-five miles from his destination, and on arriving home on foot he found his home also destroyed by the flames of the same fire, which stretched across the land over fifty miles in extent. It was

weeks—and even months often—before some river stayed the devastating course of these fires.

Perhaps these reverses led our ox drivers to become philosophers—for many are the stories of their cheerful resignation to mishaps.

One thing that Shamus excelled at was the telling of a story, even when it was to his own detriment. His adventure with a strong-smelling skunk in the re-telling lost none of its racy flavour.

A skunk, as everyone knows, is famous for its very fine fur, but doubly notorious for the extraordinary smell which it emits when it believes capture to be imminent. This stink has often frustrated the designs of the most intrepid hunter and saved its life. The skunk in question got into the village, chased by all the dogs in the neighbourhood, and ensconced itself under a building. Very soon the odour was all over the place and the animal could not be shifted. For three days the skunk remained fast in his retreat, until many of the dogs that were hounding him from all points of vantage were so discomfited by the emissions that they gradually slunk away and out of the fray. In fact, the evil-smelling animal had well-nigh chased everyone from the vicinity and something had to be done forthwith or a deserted village would be the result.

At this stage Shamus appeared, armed with a loaded shot-gun and with his nose guarded by a bandage. He crawled under the building, and the few resolute dogs that had remained were evidently encouraged, for they set up a unanimous

barking that was meant to frighten "skunkie," but which only put him upon his guard. Closer crept Shamus, and in the partial darkness peered for the whereabouts of the evil one. Suddenly a flood of vile liquid splashed him full in the face. Taken utterly unawares, he retreated, spluttering and coughing and saying unintelligible things. Then, blazing a gunful of shot in disgust at his enemy, he gave up the problem. Off he went to change his clothes, for they were thoroughly permeated for good with the nauseous stuff.

But the skunk was routed, if not killed; for the dogs, taking up the chase, ran him out into the country.

The laugh on Shamus was a long one, for, try as he might to get rid of it, the smell remained on him, more or less, for a considerable time, and the expressions made use of by his friends whenever he hove in view can well be imagined.

When the railroad was laid through the district the first train over the new line was the "construction train." Naturally there was much excitement amongst the Colonists—the train was a source of wonder to everyone!

Shamus had driven his team of oxen to Battleford, 100 miles away, to bring up the last lot of settlers and their effects by trail to Lloydminster—Battleford being then the temporary terminus. A good illustration of the rapidity with which the rails were laid and the slowness of oxen travelling was the fact that, on arriving back in the village, he found the Railway was there before him!

The village was *en fête*—the railway men were being hospitably treated, and wine even spilled over the new "steel." An entrancing moment for everybody, and Shamus determined to avail himself of it after his own manner. He would be the first to have a ride on the new railway!

Leaving his oxen and waggon to the mercy of the prairie, he immediately set about stealing a ride—for passage or ticket money, was almost unknown to him or anybody in those primitive times. During his cursory inspection of the big freight cars containing railroad material, etc., he saw a disabled engine coupled behind the train engine. The boiler of this engine being devoid of water, it seemed to be a capital place for a stow-away to lie low. So in he climbed through the manhole, luckily without being detected. It was very dark inside, so that he could not see that the sides were thickly coated with rust. There were divisions in the boiler at intervals, and he was forced by the limited space of the section he was in, and the rounded sides of the cylinder, to sit down tailor-wise. This was indeed "a remarkable introduction to train luxury of the West," he said afterwards, as he described the journey.

Scarcely had the train got started on its rocky way than he found himself lifted and pounded against the sides continuously. The noise made by the mass of quivering metal which surrounded him sounded like pandemonium—or ten thousand guns. The train stopped for a time . . . was it going back to Lloydminster? He prayed that it

would ! . . . — On again. . . . Was it taking him and itself eastwards ?

Night and darkness closed the opening above his head ; he clambered up now that it was safe to look out. The train was rumbling on, evidently feeling its way by the uncertainty of its speed, but whether it was going east or west he could not tell, for it was a dark, starless night. All through the hours of darkness the journey continued, the train stopping frequently because of the bad track, the construction boss giving instructions to the gangs working by torchlight on the line as to the correcting of it.

It was again day, but what time Shamus could not tell in the darkness of his prison. Our boiler occupant was beginning to wonder what would be the end of this adventure, when he was most violently thrown against the boiler. There was a grinding and tearing noise, then a complete stoppage of everything—the utter silence portended some serious disaster to the whole train.

Reckless now, and throwing discretion to the winds, Shamus clambered out on to the footplate with some difficulty, as the boiler seemed to have a heavy list to port. He discovered that the train was well off the rails and lay partly over and against the sides of a long cutting—he inwardly blessed that cutting ! Then, to his surprise, he recognised the town of Battleford not far away. Had it been Jericho his joy would not have been less, for he was heartily sick of his journey by boiler.

He jumped to the ground whilst the train crew were all around endeavouring to get the cars unloaded, preparatory to setting the train on the lines again. None of them bothered about him—he looked like a workman in dungarees, his clothes being covered with the rust of the boiler. He had certainly not calculated on being so soon in Battleford again!

Very hungry, Shamus sought out a friendly farmer near by and was invited to a square meal; and when he strolled into the town he had the luck of meeting the Lloydminster mail-driver and soon was a passenger on the mail democrat back to the village, where he arrived in two days.

He secured his oxen, which were grazing contentedly in the vicinity. With them he merrily drove to his homestead, fully satisfied—for had he not made a record by riding over one hundred miles inside a boiler!

On the arrival of "Judge" Adams in the village as local lawyer, Shamus and he became as inseparable as David and Jonathan, and all mischief—in the shape of practical jokes—was laid at their door.

Shamus, one day, was made temporary village policeman so that the ordinary official might perform other duties that took him outside of the village limits. Swaggering about, in regulation cap and all the trappings of authority, even to a six-shooter in his belt, our friend found great interest for a time in his duties; but the novelty paled after a time and the amateur policeman bethought him to have a sleep—which was quite

in the province of police duty and would help to pass the time. . . .

Clang-clang! Clang-clang! went the village fire-bell, of which the policeman is sole custodian and ringer. Shamus, all alert—for there was trouble and danger to be feared—hurried to the scene. He found the people getting out the fire appliances, and there was general commotion, for a village of wooden houses and stores is in danger of being quickly demolished by the flames. Yet no one could tell where the fire was, and all looked to him, naturally, to say where the engine should hasten to. In his dilemma he called for the ringer. He was nowhere to be found.

When the hubbub had ceased and calm was restored it was plain to be seen that no fire had broken out—it was a false alarm. Our policeman was wroth—he swore to arrest the one guilty of perpetrating such a joke! Hunting far and near for the culprit all that day without avail, he at last got information that it was his friend the “Judge” who had rung the alarm bell.

The joke reached its climax when Shamus, in all importance and true to his word, arrested his friend. But the intercessions of many, combined with old-time associations, prevailed, and Shamus released the culprit later with a gentle reprimand.

When a bad printer ran the newspaper in the village in later years, this worthy pair were suspected of writing the word ICHABOD in large black letters across the top portion of his premises. How this was done was a puzzle to many, as was

the meaning of this Biblical term to the unlettered mind. Anyhow, a searching of the Scriptures followed that augured well for local Christianity.

Again was Shamus brought before the law—this time for blacking a Chinaman's eyes. The Chinaman had insulted a white girl; our friend had interfered and been called "a damn Englishman." Was not this really too much for any son of Erin! Shamus forthwith assaulted the Oriental in the manner described. When asked by the magistrate what he committed the assault with—for he quite readily pleaded guilty—Shamus said:

"I held nothing in my hand but my fist."

Result: Fined, without any option this time.

Strange as it may seem, sometime later our pugilistic barber-hero was unanimously selected as Deputy-Sheriff of the district and carried out his duties with marvellous despatch. It is said that his impetuosity on many occasions placed him in awkward positions, but it can also be claimed for him that he was fair and open with everyone and only erred in his readiness to fight rather than parley. When the gunman Peny challenged him over a waggon seizure, he took up the challenge and captured all the goods single-handed. This created quite a stir. An action at law was instituted against him, ending in our Deputy's favour. The moment the verdict was out he issued a writ through his lawyers for damages—the biggest ever then issued—against his traducers for ten thousand dollars.

Shamus rose rapidly in public favour and was

elected to the Council of the new Municipality, formed on the incorporation of the town. He also became chief auctioneer, and wielded the hammer in many sales, far and wide in the country.

When the Great War broke out Shamus made haste to get into the fray. He did his own recruiting and drilled his own force, raising a large body of men—known as "The Devils"—at his own expense. His Company was composed of a rare lot of gay spirits—bronco-busters, half-breeds, and Indians. As described by the Press:

"A fighting bunch under a fighting man."

Whilst his friend "the Judge" rose to the rank of Major in a well-known fighting battalion in France, our one-time barber—who was severely wounded many times—gained a recommendation for that coveted decoration, the Victoria Cross, and loves, like Othello, to "tell the tale and fight his battles o'er again."

CHAPTER X

HUNTING

HUNTING was a sport, and necessity as well, to many, and much enjoyed on the whole. Deer were frequently met with a few miles away in the Big Gully and nearer. Migratory as these animals are at the different seasons of the year, it was not surprising to find moose and elk in plenty by the Saskatchewan River in the fall and winter. As to game of the smaller variety, these were always around and the sportsman settler usually procured his bag of chicken, rabbit, duck, etc.

But of the wild, or fur-bearing animals—such as fox, badger, coyote, skunk, mink, musk-rat—they were hunted for their pelts, which proved profitable, as well as to rid the countryside of undesirable pests who would work havoc amongst the poultry and young pigs, many a clean-out being made in a night of a henner by the sly coyote or reynard. Musk-rat were easily trapped and skinned, and the winter's larder was often replenished by the prices made by their fur, though at times musk-rats were as low as nine cents a skin.

Naturally the larger game was much sought for, and parties of two or three were made up with

team and bob-sleigh, tent equipment, rifles and traps, which set out North for a week or ten days' hunt, each member secretly resolving that *he* would get *his* moose this trip.

Why this preference for the North? Possibly for the romance connected with this unknown country of timber unlimited, of lakes unnamed, and stretches of water with fish in plenty, a beautiful land with feed and living for man and beast in abundance. The thought of such a trip was romance in itself and carried one's mind farther and farther North—possibly the magnet of the Pole drawing the hunter? Something in this meridian line seemed to awaken the element of discovery in the human heart and urge him to go on that line, ever pointing North, where the survey markings guide the traveller by day, the North Star by night. A compass was always a sure friend when the sun was obscured and uncertainty as to points of bearing or direction arose.

"Northwards, ever Northwards," like Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the thought of new lands, new waters, possible new creatures, and—and the Pole itself! Here was romance enough to stir the most thoughtless sluggard to action!

Thus thought we on one of our hunting expeditions. . . . But meridian lines and North Pole discussion had to wait awhile, for a mighty moose burst from the timber stretch one hundred yards or more to our right and "in the wind." He had scented danger and went through the long grass in

the clearing in most ungainly fashion—though making speed with long strides—a very mountain of ungracefulness with his 800 lbs. of head, antlers, and flesh.

The moose is very huge in the head, it being much disproportioned to the rest of the body, which while deep in the withers, drops away and is slight towards the flanks. The moose cannot in the least be likened to deer or antelope. The enormous bulk of head is required to carry the heavy, wide antlers, which incline back to the shoulders. These are a natural means of protection or offence; the points, with the weight behind, are capable of piercing man or beast easily, and the moose has been known to put up a good fight when cornered.

Hastily reaching for our trusty rifles, we gave chase, Jimmy Chief, our Indian guide, showing disapproval of the crackling we made getting through the underbrush. In fact, he several times signed to Jack and me that we should go back and leave him to track the quarry. But no! perish the thought!—we were both out for a moose—and tracking him and slaying him was one and the same thing to us.

By and by the tracking became a real labour, a stumbling and falling over obstacles as we proceeded deeper into the timber, skirting lakes and going through sloughs with grass as high as our heads and soggy underfoot, but our hunting ardour was not to be damped, even when we crossed a stream with the water over our knees. For over an hour we made haste to keep up with the fleet-

footed Indian, who glided along with ease and silently as the grave. Now he was exhibiting an interest in some fresh spoor marks. There was no visible sign of the moose—he had disappeared as completely as though Mother Earth had swallowed him—and Jimmy Chief was clearly puzzled by these fresh marks. Was there other game around? We were some miles from our camp, and in the excitement of the chase had failed to mark our direction. However, we eventually made camp in the darkness, glad to be back and in high hopes that lots of moose were close by.

It was the month of November, with just a slight snowfall sufficient to help hunting; the weather was pleasant, and cold enough at nightfall to be enjoyable around the little box-stove in the tent.

Jimmy Chief was a Cree, and silent as they make them. He squatted bow-legged beside the stove for hours without a sound excepting when some noise in the woods around announced that a coyote was stealing by or furtively inspecting the camp. The Indian took no interest by look or gesture in our conversation—though he knew a smattering of English and we understood some of the Cree language—for his thoughts were outside in the sounds of nature—sounds which are not in the white man's ken and so do not trouble him. Occasionally the Cree would steal out of the tent as though to confirm, or otherwise, some impression as to animals or the weather, but always was he silent, so that one had to note his features and read there what was in his mind. Silence is typical

of these people, and it is surprising the kind of dumb language that is observable amongst them.

Morning came, and with it a cathedral-like dimness straining through the canvas and the short cry of the whiskey-jays in the trees announcing another grand day of nature and excitement of the chase. Away in the blue, the tall tamaracks soared to heaven, whilst on their branches thick screens of forest moss hung curtain-like, without the flicker of a breeze or motion.

Breakfasting early, we made haste to be again on the trail of our moose, for by monosyllables the Cree assured us of this, also that he was "heap big" and "plenty." We found the spoor, and pushing on through tangled brush struck again into the timber. Yes, here were more signs of moose—fresh, too. The Indian led the way in a new direction almost at right angles to the one which we were pursuing. A cry from Jack, and the moose was seen sailing through the long grass to the right, then over a rise he disappeared again. We got one shot in, but to no purpose—it was a random at best, and only gave our moose the bigger scare. That he was the same fellow we were sure, and with this knowledge we were certain we would get him yet.

Skirting around the edge of the timber, we stalked Mr. Moose for the next two hours, the Indian tireless, minutely inspecting every mark and grunting satisfaction the while.

We were about to consider a return to camp for the mid-day meal, when suddenly Jack's rifle

cracked, and cracked again ! He had caught sight of the quarry not seventy yards away in the timber, evidently locked amongst the trees by his antlers. We hastened towards the spot and another couple of bullets despatched him. What a huge fellow he was, and the very one we had seen on that first occasion too ! He made a noble stand thus wounded, and it was a pathetic picture to witness this Monarch of the Forest draw his last breath. Making a last effort to rise before we came up, he lurched forward and attempted to get on his feet, but the Savage 30-30 was sufficient to stop him and he died game to the last.

Then ensued the question what was to be done with him ? We were fully three miles from our camp, and it was now four o'clock in the afternoon and a difficult journey back. But a few minutes ago we were hunting, and care-free, as it were ; now, in a flash, we had several hundred pounds of meat on our hands, and were far from home. Prudence said that we had better get back at once ; if so, we should have to leave old Moosey to the mercy of the coyotes, get back early in the morning, skin the carcass, dress, and do the hundred and one details if we were to get the benefit of our hunt.

Having decided to "beat it" for the camp before darkness set in, the temptation to get a steak or two for our meal was not to be resisted, so we cut a few pounds off the choicest portions. Possibly this did the harm, for we found, on visiting the spot on the following morning that the

smell of fresh meat had attracted all the coyotes in the neighbourhood, and that a large part of the moose was eaten! As we approached the spot, the pack were fighting and snarling over the body, the most of them settling private quarrels by free fights for position. A few well-directed shots despatched three of the largest and the rest fled. We found the carcass fairly complete, considering all; it had frozen during the night, consequently the meat could not be hurt so much, but the work of dressing and taking the hide off frozen meat is some job, as we found out.

Severing the head and its fine antlers from the body, we were surprised at the weight. The antlers had a spread of fully forty inches. The body, with the help of a saw and axe, was cut into portions averaging 50 lbs. By portage and a rough sled, made for the purpose, we got this to camp in two days—it was impossible to bring the bob-sleighs into the woods. What a busy time it was! Of course the main prize was the head and antlers, but altogether something like 400 lbs. of moose-meat and three coyote pelts were ours.

Memories of good times have brought the happy thought that they could always be repeated, but not so! Possibly similar incidents might be gone through again, but never quite in the same manner. And even in this case it would be impossible, for our bosom friend and comrade, true and sterling to the end, fell as a soldier in his old regiment—the Welsh Fusiliers. He was called up on the Reserve immediately on the war breaking out, and

without loss of time sailed to England, thence to Flanders, and in the early fighting around Mons—of bloody memory—fell.

"True—true till Death."

Hunting the coyote or prairie wolf was a great sport with many Colonists, and numbers of valuable pelts were obtained in a hard winter when, the means of sustenance being difficult to obtain, the wolves became more bold and ventured in bands nearer to farmsteads.

The cunning of Mr. Wolf is great, and often for days he would be seen to follow the settlers' waggon at a safe distance, halting and observing the operations like a spy when camping time arrived, and on the trek being resumed he would stealthily approach and pick up the morsels of food that, more or less, were always to be found around a camping-place. Then on again! always watchful, and keeping in the safety of willow-scrub to shelter him from sight. It has been said that a wolf's sense of smell is so keen that he can smell powder. Be this as it may, on many occasions it seemed that he could smell a rifle—and one that had not recently been fired—for no sooner would the weapon be taken from the waggon with the intention of shooting him than our very wise friend would immediately make off.

On a good horse the hunter would easily ride down a wolf, and, reaching well over whilst at full speed and alongside the animal, give him the *coup*

de grace on the head with a stout club, so that the fur on the body might escape injury.

More to be enjoyed was the hunt with a team of horses and a brace of wolf-hounds trained in their work; a "jumper," or sleigh, was used when snow allowed of it—the dogs lay down inside. A good team would travel faster than the wolves, and once well up with a pack the hounds would be slipped from the sleigh, and then the quarry would be brought to earth in short time; possibly the wolves would make for cover in the bush, but in any case the result would be the same, a sharp tussle being as prelude to the finish.

Owing to these animals doing great destruction in the community, and the danger of their increasing in number, the Government increased the "bounty" already given for each wolf slain. In consequence, many hunting parties were made up and exciting encounters took place all over the Colony. In one case the settlers concerned had sport and thrilling details enough to satisfy the most adventurous, whilst their pile of pelts numbered well over the half hundred for the season.

Jake, Arthur and Slim were partners in everything that tended towards dollars and sport—a worthy and often-to-be-met combination in the West. It was decided to pool all resources and go after the wolves in earnest, so, putting their animals out to graze for the winter on the open prairie, Jake's fast drivers were hitched to Arthur's "jumper"; Slim's wolf-dogs provided his share of the outfit. A rifle or two and cartridges were

added for use in emergency. Roughly, the arrangements were; that Arthur was to remain at the log shack, setting traps in the vicinity and attending to necessary details whilst the hunters were abroad with the dogs. No hard-and-fast rule could be made for hunting in the winter—everything depending on the weather.

The first few trips brought fair returns and the information that further West coyotes were more plentiful, the coulees of the Blackfoot Hills being surmised a likely rendezvous for them. They had driven West accordingly and were looking for tracks in the snow to locate their quarry towards the close of the short December day, when Jake discerned two wolves making off in the adjacent scrub. He rejoined Slim at the "jumper" and the pair discussed the probable chances of a chase at such a late hour in the day, for one could never tell in what part of the country the hunt would end. The decision had almost been made to go back towards home and comfort when a howl was to be heard close by. On this signal of warning a chorus of cries rent the air—then a foreboding silence. Certainly there was a big band close by and pelts in plenty. The dogs, keen and eager, could scarce be held, and the horses, trembling in every limb, were snorting—impatient to be away. Discretion was thrown to the winds when three large wolves broke cover to the right.

The hunters made a bee-line in the light snow to cut off the trio from regaining the scrub line, the horses dashed off at a smashing pace, the snow

flying from their hoofs in lively fashion. Faster and faster the pace became and soon the wolves were overhauled—their long, lean bodies and snarling features at close view—about thirty yards—appearing quite terrible to any beholder. The horses were urged to yet greater speed with both whip and voice, the dogs were slipped, and with lightning speed they darted in pursuit of their prey—the snow enveloping both pursuer and pursued. The leading hound had marked his quarry and was about to pounce upon him when, by a clever feint, the wolf doubled in his tracks and was off again at an angle, endeavouring to elude his agile persecutor. Still the dog gained upon him, to be again and again eluded; but at last the wolf became spent, and with a bound the dog seized him by the throat. A death snarl told the result. The hound, panting and with bloody tongue, remained by his victim until the jumper arrived.

Meanwhile what of the other dog, Nero? Not so speedy as his mate, yet an older wolf hunter, he kept on in untiring style, his supple body seeming to follow every turn and twist of the prey, who in their desperate plight could not shake him off, though using every trick with which their subtle natures had endowed them. The pair had disappeared in some slight scrub with Nero barely ten yards after them.

Our hunters, having picked up the carcase and the hound, Flash, got alarmed for his mate, for it had become dark. Repeated calls and whistles

failing to get an answer they decided the hound must have gone a considerable way in the chase, and searched all around without avail. What was to be done? Rather than lose a valuable hound, and probably their way in the darkness, was it not better to camp where they were? No habitation of any kind was within miles of them, for the Blackfoot Hills was not exactly the smiling country then that it is to-day, with its numerous farmsteads and cattle grazing all around. So, selecting a sheltered hollow in the coulee, the hunters unhitched their team and made them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, tying them to the jumper. Soon a fire was started and some warmth procured to thaw out their numbed limbs.

The weather, though not cold to extreme during the day, became very cold as the night progressed—about fifteen below zero. The skinning of the wolf's hide being necessary as the carcass would freeze solid if left until later, Jake performed the task; whilst his companion, having shot a rabbit, proceeded to roast it on a spit at the fire. This simple meal, with hunger as a sauce, was much relished, and the hunters passed the night round the fire, occasionally going to the coulee top and whistling for the absent Nero—but without response, the silence of the night being broken only by the cat-like cries of the wolves around.

It was evident something untoward had happened to the animal, and when the tedious night had passed and dawn came with the grey solemnity

that heralds the opening day on the prairie, the two hunters made haste to search the bush near where the faithful Nero was last seen. Yes, faithful, and unto death, for only a short mile away he was found lying dead beside the carcasses of the two wolves which he had followed and killed. No doubt he had got his death-blow at the same time, for a gaping wound with the blood frozen on it was in his neck, and he lay across the body of one of his late enemies. It must have been a terrific fight; the ground around bore evidence of the struggle.

So the hunters skinned three more carcasses that trip—one of them being Nero's. His hide is prized and kept by Slim to this day.

On reaching home, Arthur reported the capture of two wolves by his traps, though unfortunately one got away, leaving his paw behind. It occasionally happened that a wolf, suspicious of a trap endeavoured to paw at the bait rather than seize it with his mouth. Of course this released the spring, and the paw was caught. In this case it was plain to be seen that the prisoner, in his desperate plight, had eaten through his own leg at the joint and released himself—a most Spartan-like act and one that handicapped him for life. He was often observed around the district, and by reason of his halting gait settlers would give chase believing him to be easily caught; but it was surprising what speed he could put up with his three sound legs.

Arthur also told of his discovery of a den of

five young coyotes on the side of a hill quite near to the log shack. While he was setting the trap his attention had been drawn by hearing a noise similar to what young puppies make. On reconnoitring, he saw the litter gambolling like kittens outside the den; on showing himself they scampered into their home. There was no sign of the old wolf whatever, and he proposed to his companions that he should take some food as bait and capture the bunch *now*, otherwise the young coyotes would soon grow to wolf-size and leave their home for good.

The others wondered how they were to look after the youngsters. But five wolf-skins at once looked a good prize—with the “bounty” in addition. Yes, better get them now!

So, in the morning, off went the party armed with a hayfork—in case a persuader was needed—and some potato sacks to put the youngsters in; also a tempting parcel of raw horse-flesh.

On approaching the lair the old wolf-mother was observed to bolt out at breakneck speed, evidently scenting danger and with the object of drawing the hunters away. She remained at a distance all the time, noting with concern the operations.

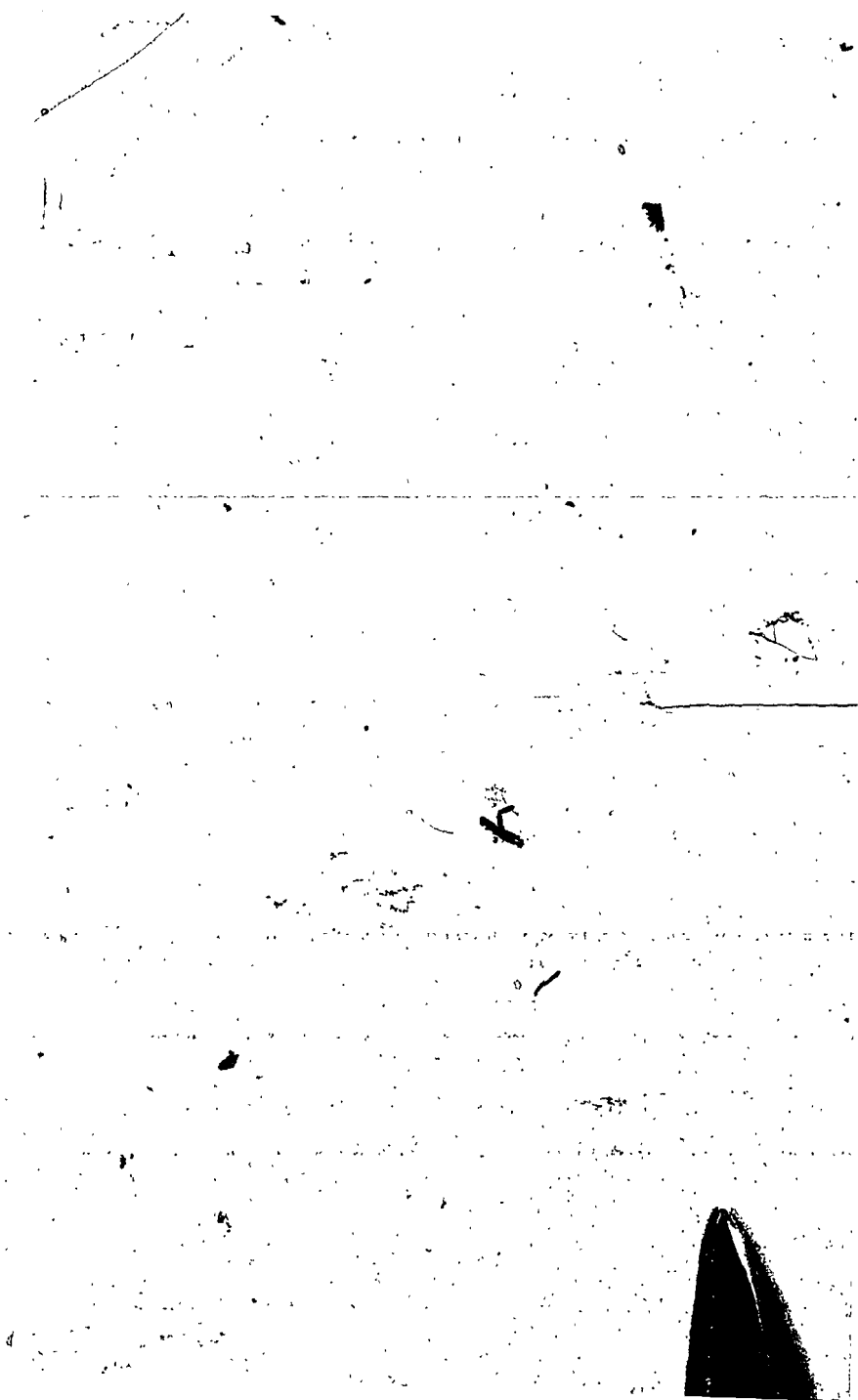
Getting quite close to the opening, a confused babel of yelping sounds was heard; evidently the litter was hungry. The throwing in of a portion of the flesh resulted in increased bedlam, but nothing could be discerned clearly—just a grey-coloured mass that tossed and scrambled for the meat. By leaving a morsel half way in the opening

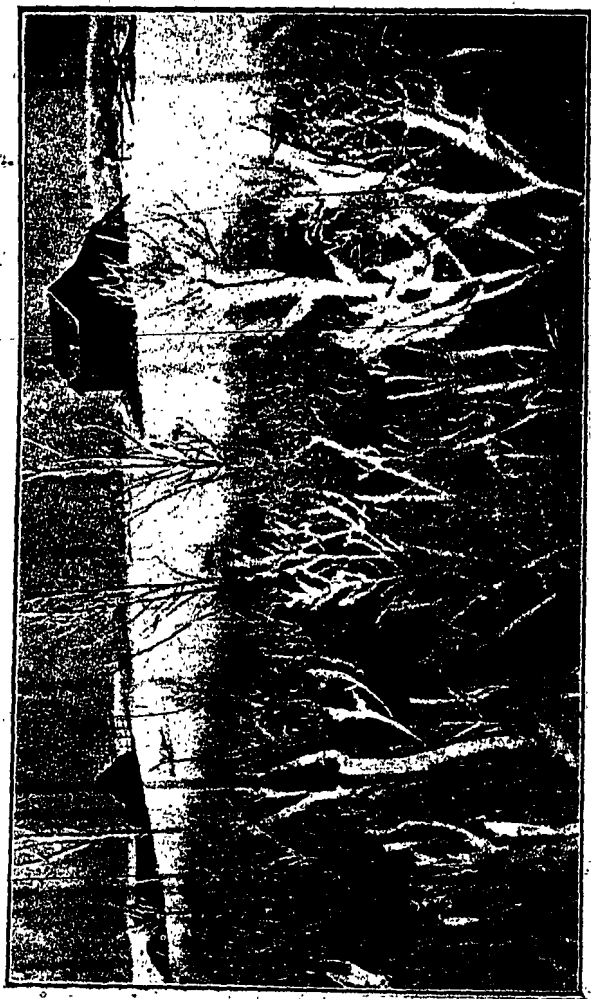
and keeping out of sight, Arthur, who was the leader in this game of kidnapping, succeeded in pouncing on the first who ventured out for the food. There was a lively tussle, and the youngster, snarling in most wicked fashion, was tumbled into the bag that was held by the other two.

The coyotes had, without a question, passed the baby stage. As one by one they were caught, they kicked and bit most vigorously. The hayfork was required to force out the last two.

An endeavour on Arthur's part to tame one of the youngsters caused quite a lot of amusement; but the experiment of keeping young wolves until they were sufficiently grown was not a success. They had to be kept separately on chains similar to a dog's, with leather collars attached. This restraining influence did not agree with their wild natures and two of them died—from what direct cause was not known, excepting that in their sulkiness they refused food altogether at times, and were always loth to be seen eating it. A third, named "Hamlet" because of his moody ways, escaped by breaking his chain—a portion of it, with the collar, remaining on him while he roamed the vicinity for many months. He became an outlaw, as his coyote friends would have nothing to do with him on account of his collar—his badge of serfdom. He was to be seen prowling—always alone—around the School Section close by.

Sometimes the hunters secured pelts by keeping the carcase of a horse in sight of the shack. As horses were dying off continually all over the





A SETTLER'S "SHACK," IN WINTER.

Colony from slough fever it was a simple matter getting the team harnessed and drawing the dead horse to where it was wanted. The wolves would be attracted to the carcase and fight over each mouthful. Then the three rifles would be carefully trained on the wolves and a volley fired—usually one or two victims falling.

It was towards the end of winter and the number of pelts had steadily increased. In the blizzard weather it was useless going out with the team and jumper, as trails had become snowed up and were most difficult to hunt over, therefore the traps and rifles were the only means of capture.

The wolf, "Spartan"—as he had come to be named—was very often seen now, and a great desire was evinced by Jake to recapture him. It was useless trying to trap him in the ordinary way, as "once bitten, twice shy" is a fixed maxim in wolf-lore. Jake reported one day that he knew where Mr. Spartan lived.

A deserted log hut lay as its owner left it—empty, with door open. Through their glasses they could see the wolf entering it daily. Jake fixed the door carefully so that it would swing shut by the movement of an animal crossing the threshold. Many days did Jake patiently walk over to inspect his device, and as often walk back to report his failure. But he was rewarded one morning by finding the door shut fast, and Spartan, on his three legs, a sulky prisoner inside, making a most disconsolate howling. Taking careful aim through the window, Jake put a bullet through his brain. Thus ended

the career of a savage animal that had wrought much destruction in the neighbourhood.

Very soon after this the spring opened, and other work being to hand, such as seeding and ploughing, the hunters counted the results of their season's work and found that they were several hundred dollars to the good, in addition to having enjoyed a great piece of sport of a most exciting character.



CHAPTER XI

MATTHEW STOREY AND NATHANIEL AND HIS STORE

As a bachelor, Matthew Storey lived his life, like so many others, alone with his oxen on the homestead. What would have been the result without these faithful beasts both for work and company it would be hard to say—only those who know can gauge their usefulness. "The Pinnacle" was the sobriquet of Matthew's mansion, which was erected on the topmost ridge of his many and far-flung acres. No doubt to one of his imagination many things were possible—and what would man be without imagination? Therefore, it must be assumed that the nomenclature attached to the farmstead was meant to be symbolic of the owner's ambitions. If ever the goal were lost sight of, would not the name of The Pinnacle bring it back to mind with redoubled force and fervour?

As though to make assurance doubly sure in the soaring heights of effort, he had caused to be erected a wigwam-like structure of many dry poplar trees. These stood upright, and, as they pointed heavenward like so many spires, rested or leaned gracefully against their crooked and somewhat bent neighbours. With a goodly number of these one-time kings of the forest cut down in their prime

and glory and laid endwise in this western and Indian manner, the effect was most pinnacle-like. The erection outspanned the humble loghouse by twenty feet or more and was seen for miles around. Its last use was as a wood pile; and so, if the pinnacular effect were no more needed and ambition had played its rôle, surely these crooked yet index fingers of fortune served a noble end in cooking the humble meal or in warming those earth-bound ones who sought to rise to those ethereal heights that the poets speak of in hushed numbers!

But these wood-piles were not a monopoly of Matthew's; as a matter of fact, almost every house or shack in the country had a pile of wood of some kind, and were one to look from The Pinnacle's lofty heights towards the west in the evening, many wigwam-like piles of poplar at Adams' place would obscure the very sun.

But nothing could obscure Matthew, for he shone all the time, ever cheerful under adversity, which was to him a close neighbour for many days. On many trips he started, and of adventures he had a full share; but possibly his narratives of the life he led before the temptations of Canada caught him were more prolific of mirth to his hearers than of profit to himself. He was about forty-five years of age, short in stature, with short beard of a blonde shade and features of rather a severe cast.

Amongst his many rambles he visited the Emerald Isle, and he would tell with great gusto

of his experiences in the city of Belfast with a number of Edison talking-machines, then only in their first stages of popularity. He was keen on detail, and even described the exact spot and place in York Street of that city which he rented for his talking-machine business. To hear Matthew tell, in his native Durham tongue, of his great unpopularity and the rudeness of the crowd when he insisted on retailing Gladstone's Home Rule speech to his customers, was to learn that it was only by a mere chance his life had mercifully been spared to him.

The Durham accent seemed to be contemptuous of the consonant R, not even condescending to put another letter in its place, and one could well picture the righteously enraged crowd round Matthew and his machine whilst he expostulated with vigour against the local brogue and dared them to produce better orators than Gladstone. This was humour with a vengeance!

It would seem that after Matthew went out of the Talking-Machine business he did not know what to do, so he came to Canada with Mr. Barr—or, as he phrased it, "Mr. Ba'"—and talked sufficient, as we often told him, not only to make up for the absence of his talking-machines, but enough to chase Barr out of the country. At every meeting he would be on and off his feet, airing his views on every subject under the sun or asking pertinent questions which no one else dared to suggest and few could answer, and invariably would come that hardy perennial, the seed-grain

question, and the guilt of the Government in selling bad seed-grain to the Colonists.

As time went on Matthew steadily improved his position, and then, like many others, went west again, going into business as a real estate and financial agent in B.C. He paid a visit to his original home on the prairie a few years back and decided again to inhabit The Pinnacle and sojourn for a while with his old friends of the Colony and renew memories of the old days and bad Government seed. He was well and prosperous, having a large holding in B.C., where he was much respected.

When war broke out Matthew was well over fifty years of age. Nevertheless, he volunteered. Incredible as it may seem at his time of life, he was accepted in a labour battalion and sailed for England; but his ambition was not satisfied and he managed to get into a fighting battalion, went to France, and thus put to shame many a younger man and fitter. Here then was a truly great character—the man that for a while had been the butt of his fellows and their source of humour. In the end—and the end proves all things—he won out and held the whip-hand over the youngsters with a good record and work well done in his regiment.

"NATHANIEL AND HIS STORE."

Whether Nathaniel's occupation in life should have been that of a storekeeper it is hard to say. Anyhow he made the bold attempt, and we are

told that the boldest usually win. Certainly his was the unique store of the Colony, his goods being the litter of Barr's one-time famous monopoly. Multitudinous stacks of every possible sort of food, canned and otherwise; flour keeping company with spades, salt with axe-handles, tinware with syrup, and so on.

Under the precarious covering of a large tent was seen the benevolent and beaming face of Nathaniel, smoking his pipe with a calmness worthy of a Nero surveying the ruins of burning Rome. No flutter or haste whatever was seen, though many settlers were anxious to get stores and travel on. In fact, the placid and contented look of the storekeeper was more that of mine host of the "White Hen," or similar caravanserai of the old land far removed from the "madding crowd," in the peace and contentment of the countryside with only the cluck-cluck of the contented hens as they laid their tribute for the table.

To anyone looking inside the tent store for the first time it was a puzzle to conceive how Nathaniel got there, likewise how he got out, and one would give him credit for muscular powers and greater agility than he seemed to possess, for he was an elderly man and of a stolid bearing inclining rather towards the dignified.

Certainly the picture was not in keeping with—shall it be said the Phillpot store of to-day—with the younger and dapper-like Phill tripping neatly and quickly round the establishment, and all things smart and in order. Of course the times

were different and comparisons would be unfair—for then all goods came up by trail and in all kinds of parcels, and the confines of a marquee had not the accommodation or easy access of Hall's palatial store. However it certainly did accord with many things at this period of the Colony's history, for everything was upside down like our store and it took time to set all right.

Possibly Nathaniel's humour was not always understood by the settlers who came many weary miles to obtain goods, and certainly if these did not get what they came for they got dry wit without stint. One example will suffice.

Nathaniel (usual pipe in hand, in a bland and slow way to the tired ox-driver): "Ah, good-morning. Let me see now, what can I procure for you this beautiful morning?"

Ox-driver: "Aw waant some butter."

Nathaniel: "Ah, there you have me, sir. Butter—butter? Butter we have none of, but *axle-grease* we have in abundance. Ah!" (This was said without the slightest facial movement.)

Ox-driver: "Hev you sugar?"

Nathaniel (looking puzzled, but very courteous): "Sugar, sugar! Again, my dear sir, you have me. *Sugar* there is none, but,"—with a bright look—"salt there is in profusion. Ah!"

Exeunt ox-driver in high dudgeon, to belabour his restless team viciously and swear that he will never come so far again for nothing.

Now "The Sodderies" was the name of Nathaniel's town residence: it was named after the

material of which it was composed—ploughed sods. No doubt these natural bricks made good temporary huts and for a time served their purpose, but the weather quickly affected them and they settled down in all sorts of shapes anything but pleasing to the eye, and eventually fell back to Mother Earth in a confused mound.

The erection of that piece of architectural beauty, " The Sodderies," took place at a time when the Town-Lots Possession title required to have " a building, or building in course of erection, up to at least four feet in height." This was interpreted in different ways in order to get title to a free town lot, and so arose some of the most wonderful erections—skeletons of the houses that were to be—of every size and manner of construction, some of logs laid in the usual alternate layer fashion, varying from four feet high to twelve feet as the ambitions of the plot-holders rose; others had four logs standing as uprights in the ground like sentinels guarding the plot from an unseen enemy. Needless to say this did not avail; logs disappeared from some structures like magic and, hey presto! would appear on another plot next day. Of course many logs went the way of all flesh—or all wood, rather—and the nearest wood stove, whether answerable or not, would be blamed for the loss of the fleeting logs. Others had a framework of light poles fixed crosswise, resembling a clothes-drying frame—only the laundered material was conspicuous by its absence, and the structure looked as though it were out of business and

might have stood as a sample or remnant of a Cree village.

Fancy, then, a huge area with these Cree-like and fearsome frameworks of houses in the making, and how Mr. Speers, Government Agent, was impressed when he came along to see and have titles proved the following spring! But "The Sodderies" stood the racket of time—for a few months anyhow; and, as in a land of such good soil simple sods counted for nothing, they could not even be burned. So Nathaniel was left in peace. "The Sodderies" passed the vigilant eye of the Government man and Nathaniel would speak proudly and almost boastingly whilst he invited you to "come along and see "The Sodderies." This abode was fifteen feet by 20 feet, and one storey high reaching to about nine feet.

On entering it was somewhat difficult to discern anything clearly by reason of the want of light. Then one perceived that multitudes of empty boxes (doubtless from the erstwhile store) littered the earthen floor and obscured the somewhat cathedral-like glimmer of light from the muslin-glazed windows of very small size. There was a distinct smell of earth, that dank odour of the virgin soil never to be mistaken, whilst various tendrils of vine creepers, growing roots, and weeds appeared in the sod walls and imparted an effect similar to that of a conservatory, the light green, and almost white delicacy of their colouring blending with the dark soil walls and producing a marvellous effect. If not healthy, it certainly was

unique. Roughly-made furniture was here. Somewhere in a corner lay the bed of state, designed from a box of large dimensions, in which Nathaniel rested coffin-wise in his slumbers. Within easy reach of the coffin was the wood pile close to the stove—a convenience never before equalled, for the occupant of the box did not need to rise out of bed in order to stoke the fire!

On festive occasions Nathaniel was often asked to sing, and he, always polite and obliging, would never fail to respond with that dainty ballad, "*The Nut-Brown Maiden*." Needless to say, it was a prime favourite, and the singer did it the justice this old-fashioned song deserves.

When the first newspaper—the present *Lloyd-minster Times*, was printed, Nathaniel was its editor and gave it a good start. In fact, he took a leading part in many of the village affairs.

In later years Nathaniel retired to the farm to give it practical attention, and entered enthusiastically upon an agricultural life assisted by his wife and sturdy boys. He has been chosen in his district to represent them on the Rural Council, afterwards becoming chairman of that body. His sage counsel has been sought by many, and his wide experiences of the things of life and his broad views highly valued.

CHAPTER XII

LUMBERING AND SURVEYING ADVENTURES

A GREAT number of the young men of the district went lumbering those first winters.

Although there was big timber north, yet only very small outfits—and these chiefly of the local settlers—operated there. The great idea was to strike a big lumber camp, where the experience gained would be invaluable afterwards. So Edmonton district was usually the Mecca of our would-be lumber-jacks and many were the experiences met with in this neighbourhood.

At Spruce Grove, a region west of the city about thirty-five miles, and close to what was then known as the Stony Plains, a party of four of the Colonists had possibly the most lively time of any, for it combined excitement with plenty of work of a hard and strenuous nature.

Starting out in October with two teams of bulls, the waggon laden with the kits and usual utensils for cooking, the journey was commenced to Edmonton, then a rising town of about fifteen thousand population. The plan arranged was: to find work in a lumber-camp near by, remain till early spring, then get loads of freight from the Hudson Bay Co. or Revillion Frères in the city,

and trek with these home, making Lloydminster town a delivery point for the goods, the time of getting back being fixed so as to fulfil the homesteading conditions required for the occupation of the 160 acres of land. The oxen and waggons meantime would be kept on a ranch outside the town of Edmonton until the spring and the freighting season opened and the trail was ready to "hit" again homewards, 190 miles east.

Edmonton had been reached after a three weeks journey, or more, and arrangements made for the teams, but the job of finding work in the bush, or anywhere for that matter, was most difficult. All the hotels and boarding-houses in this Klondyke town were full up with men who had come in after the harvest season, all looking for work for the winter, which had not started yet, the amount of snow necessary for lumbering was not of sufficient depth for sleighing, and so it was a question of waiting around and doing odd work of any kind, as our young settlers had to live and dollars looked particularly good then.

Edmonton has been mentioned as the Klondyke town of the '97 gold rush. It was at this point that the overland journey to the Yukon commenced. With the fever at its height, Edmonton, from a mere small trading post and fort jumped in a night to the size of a town, and continued to grow as the people, attracted at first by gold, finally settled on the rich farming lands adjacent, and so the mushroom beginning of this town took root and, like so many "gold" towns, became a

solid thing as time went on and the real merit of its position on the river was seen. Situated close by the MacKenzie and Simpson tributaries, it afforded a good starting point for fur traders north of the Great Lakes, whilst it became a base for parties wishing to settle in that grand region of to-day, viz.: the Peace River Country, containing millions of acres awaiting settlement.

Close by Edmonton, rich deposits of coal were found, and at this time coal was sold at one dollar per ton, the buyer loading and doing his own haulage at the mine head.

It is a strange thing that to-day, although our Canadian coal-fields equal if they do not surpass those of the Yankee in richness, we should be dependent on our neighbours of the States for our supply of this necessity. Of course the question of transportation and long distances is our chief difficulty, but the Nova Scotia and Alberta mines to-day are only working one-third their capacity owing to shortness of labour. Here, again, is food for reflection—the situation is tantamount to “carrying coals to Newcastle.”

However, though Edmonton is a large city to-day of 75,000 inhabitants, many industries, huge business blocks, and still growing, yet in those days it was anything but friendly to our bachelor Colonists until one day, unknowingly, they struck their snag in Pete McPhill.

Pete was a Scotch Canadian, fully six feet high with nothing to boast in proportion. He had the usual drawl of the backwoods Ontarian, and was

apparently slow to make up his mind, but this was his trait, and by-and-by he " believed he had work in the bush " for four hefty boys who could haul out so many thousand feet of lumber to his saw-mill per day.

Now our friends, Ned, Syd, Jim and Nifty, were a mixture of English, Irish, and Canadian birth, but all were full of the confidence begotten of residence in and the atmosphere of the West, so they immediately began a bartering of their services through their spokesman, Jim, who assured Pete that what skill or woodcraft they lacked would be made up in willingness, and even keenness to tackle this lumber proposition. Finally, the remuneration was fixed at the low wage of \$26.00 and board per month. Pete told the bunch to pack their " turkeys " and dump them in his bob-sleighs and to be ready in five minutes to hit the trail to the ranch forty miles west !

Then commenced the journey at a slow pace to the timber area—for the axes, stores, cooking-range, and miscellaneous stuffs were a heavy burden, and necessitated walking in the snow almost the entire way.

Calling at the lumberman's house, about thirty miles out, supper was served, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. There it was that the Uriah Heep-like brother of Pete was met, and his inspection of our gallants resulted in one word only : " Green ! "

Pork and beans being the camp dish, amongst other work of a preparatory nature, four pigs were

killed here and slung on the sleighs. A start was again made for the woods, where Pete's "timber limit" was supposed to be; the term is used in an advisory sense, for the tall Peter had been amongst the tall timbers of his "limit" for over twelve consecutive years and yet his one-mile stretch was still prolific of tamarak, pine, and spruce in abundance. What wondrous growth! Apparently no sooner was a giant tree cut down than the monster roots took firmer grip of the soil and grew again.

This knowledge of growth came slowly to the mind of Jim, and as time and the work progressed he observed things and the sayings around him; likewise that the visits of the timber inspector became more frequent—for apparently Pete's camp was a favourite resort of his—and he evinced a wonderful interest in the whole mile area on these occasions.

This phenomena of timber limits was by no means a *rara avis* of the wooded country. In fact, it has had a scientific explanation. In some cases where a prosecution was entered on, ignorance of the limit bearing was pleaded in extenuation.

The information that Pete never paid anybody who worked for him was forthcoming in many and obvious ways. The interpretation thereof to the "green" ones meant that there was little financial hope for them!

The work proceeded apace and our friends, after the first month, became quite expert with the axe, the double handed cross-cut saws, the wedging of tree-trunks and ensuring their fall to any point

of the compass, cutting and swamping, making roads to the new cuttings, the use of the cant-hook, or rolling logs on skid-ways up to six feet high, the measurement of a log and its lineal feet in sawn lumber calculation, saw setting and axe grinding, notching and blazing, etc. All were perfect wielders of their several tools and the bright winter weather in the woods was enjoyed.

Leaving camp each morning at 7 o'clock, after breakfast, a long tramp through the snow would bring them to their spruce bluff at about 9 o'clock. The sandwiches and pie they carried would be eaten beside the fire lighted at the lunch-hour, while the whisky-jacks came around and ate out of their hands, the bluejays, in their gorgeous colouring, chattering the meanwhile, and the trim little squirrels scampering off with some morsel of meat thrown to them. Over and above all, our friends revelled in the fine odour of the spruce that would always bring back to their minds the bush days again.

Ever and anon the spokesman, Jim, according to a plan decided on by the four, spoke to Pete and asked for some money as wages on account. On these occasions Pete would not directly refuse, but would state that he had no money until some lumber was hauled to "Cushing's"—the Edmonton lumber-yard—then all would be well and the boys would get paid with the proceeds.

But time went on and no money was forthcoming. Why then continue to work there? Well, there was no other way of getting out of this

country back to civilisation again, for if they quitted an employer in the bush country they could not expect his help to take them out of it, and they knew very well that there was no other work near. These boys did not "know the ropes," but they were fast learning, and staying on was their chance of becoming proficient. The times were hard—and three meals a day looked better than nothing to the boys.

And so there came a day when the last load of lumber was stacked near the mill, that Jim, as arranged, demanded the wages—again to no effect. Then the boys declared the lumber held under a "mechanics' lien"—a remedy which in Canada every man had if he would only exercise it and show these bullies a little firmness and fight; for there was no law in the bush to appeal to but one's own strong fist. The word "green" had gone deep into the minds of the boys, and Uriah Heep, who was present acting as a timekeeper, advised caution with the boys. But Pete was self-willed.

"Let the boys go to hell!" was his answer.

His teamster, on Pete's orders, attempted to lay hands on the lumber, although the boys had cautioned him not to move it. Jim immediately and without hesitation shot out and knocked the man down, and in a flash all was turmoil and confusion. Ned, the other Irishman, tackled big Pete, who looked game at first, but after a drubbing ran away. It was a lively time for twenty minutes or so. The sawyer hands at the mill joined in, but

Pete's backers were few once it came to a fist fight. Anyhow, these people, who were not fighters, quickly called a truce. Ned was a veteran of the South African War, having served in the Irish Rifles. Fully as tall as his opponent, he kept pounding away at the husky-looking Pete.

"That's the only thing we'll get out of him, and it's better than a month's wages," he shouted, as he got in a stinging blow on his victim's nose.

Giving a last right-hander to the bleeding and bruised Pete, Ned stuck his hands in his pockets and spat at him in disgust. . . . The fight was over.

The boys were victorious, but the fruits of victory were still to be gathered, for these lumber people thought that with a "hiding" all was over. The indefatigable Jim sent a friendly farmer post-haste on horseback to Edmonton for Sheriff Robertson to give a decision on the mechanics' lien bluff.

Meanwhile the heroic four sat all night on that lumber pile beside a rousing fire, for the enemy might have stolen a march on them had they slept in the bunk-house. Next day the one-time busy camp looked like a deserted village—not a wheel turned, not an axe stroke was heard, and the pleasant sawing hum was hushed. The boys, sitting on the lumber pile in the sunlight, seemed quite happy. Pete and Uriah endeavoured in vain to get the work going again by making overtures and offering the usual wages.

"Nothing doing," said the boys; "the sheriff will clean this up." And so he did.

The sheriff's deputy arrived at noon, and with him the cheerful timber inspector. The deputy was short and crabbed after the tiresome trail journey, for the snow that year was poor for sleighing and half the journey had to be made on wheels. Pete got a short shrift from the two officials. Writs were served on him, the lumber and teams were seized and taken away. The camp was broken up, and after the sale of the lumber matters were adjusted in the sheriff's office at Edmonton and accounts paid.

In these first few years and afterwards, many Dominion Survey parties went through the country, especially north of the Colony, away in the timberland beyond the Saskatchewan River and towards the Beaver River region, beyond townships 54 and as far as 72.

These surveys would be commenced in the early spring of each year as soon as the muskegs were firm enough for transport to cross, and would be continued through the year until the fall, when the camp was struck and a return to civilisation made. The following year the next party set out, getting further into the timber-country and water-sheds, where large game and fish were found in abundance—but there was no means of transporting same in quantity. The wealth that lay here for the taking was illimitable, and the large-eyed moose looked on in wonderment when the

survey-man appeared, as though asking why he dared to invade this wonderland of nature. Elk and deer ranged free and far, whilst the smaller game—beaver, rabbit, chicken, otter—were found to be plentiful.

The timber was splendid—spruce, tamarak, pine, black and white poplars, all growing to enormous heights.

Each party had an experienced surveyor or two. The transit man went first with his apparatus, marking out the line; then the axe-man, cutting brush and blazing the trees, the chainmen following on and the diggers making the pits at the Township corners. The rest of the party were on transport with supplies and camp equipment.

Many of the settlers attached themselves to these Survey parties when possible, and thus gained considerable experience of the North Country and its opportunities. One party made a meridian survey towards the Beaver River country and had quite an adventure, in fact, several members of the party were almost lost in the river whilst crossing it.

They entered the river a second time to make the ford at an angle where, previously, several sand-bars had given promise of bearing the waggon, and where there had been but a narrow strip of water beyond; however, this time—the river being in flood—no sand-bar appeared. The driver urged his team still forward. Presently the horses were swimming, and the waggon, loaded with flour,

shovels, etc., refused to float under the strain imposed upon it. The stream was going fairly fast and the horses fettered by their harness. A hopeless struggle ensued; the animals gallantly endeavoured to free themselves—but in vain. Theirs was a forlorn hope from the first, as they had got into the main rush of the stream where it was much deeper. They sank, borne down by the tongue of the waggon, to the bottom of the river.

Meanwhile the occupants of the waggon were in the water, fighting for dear life against the current. All the party eventually made *terra firma*, though some were stranded on sand-bars at various points of the river for a few hours until rescued.

The youngest of the party, a lad a little over twenty years old, had a still more exciting time, being carried by the stream far down the river despite his efforts to stem the current and land—for he was a fair swimmer. In a predicament of this kind it is all very well to say how *we* should have behaved or acted; but to be ready for such an eventuality as swimming in a rapid river—and these northern rivers are always cold, being fed by the snows from the far-off Rocky Mountains—was one thing, and the ordinary swimmer might jump in when all the conditions were equal and battle with the current and enjoy it—but clad in incongruous garments and wearing heavy survey top-boots, it was another matter. So as he sailed down the stream our plucky young friend ceased to exert himself, finding all his efforts unavailing,

and sought to reserve what strength he had for a final effort later on should a favourable opportunity show itself.

He was half a mile down the river when he espied an overhanging tree about twenty yards from the nearest bank, and fully one hundred yards away. Could he possibly catch hold of it? He exerted himself once more and swam towards it. Inch by inch he neared it at an angle. Surely he would be in time. It was *his strokes* against the current—would he win?

With panting breath, cleaving the waters with all his nigh-spent strength, he made it! Grasping the largest branch within reach, he held on to it; but the impetus of the stream and sudden wrench was too much strain for it—the dry limb gave with a snap and the youth was once more adrift.

Slight though this delay had been it gave a little rest to the tired swimmer, and, although disappointing in its results, it stirred hopes of more opportunities of salvation.

“When in doubt, go forward”—an old fighting proverb which has invariably proved itself true.

So young Len struck out again with senses all alert, though numbed in body by the cold waters. He had again pushed into mid-stream, where the waters were more turbulent, towards an object, partly floating in the water and partly submerged. It was hard work to get near it, and he was pondering over the useless waste of energy when something struck him like a wet cloth in the face. He turned towards this new friend and grasped it, finding it

to be a sack of flour half-submerged in the water. Here was the staff of life—in more senses than one! By its aid, partly leaning on it and never letting go, he reached and finally landed on a sand-bar a mile down the river, where, after much delay and difficulty, he was taken off in a canoe by some Indians who were camping on the other side.

CHAPTER XIII

"TIN RIBS" AND THE MAJOR

"TIN RIBS" was the son of a chaplain to the British Embassy in Paris. In his lighter moments he would talk of his college days when he "fagged" for the captain of his form—but he was, light-hearted all the time, taking humour as part of the game of life; the world must want laughter, so he laughed. His age was between twenty-six and thirty; he was careless, care-free, and a remittance man. He was a bachelor, whilst many a less-known character, not so happy as he, was married. And he was happy even when, with a voice that in the top notes cracked at the most inopportune time, he sang:

*"As she wheels her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying 'Cockles and mussels alive—alive, O!'"*

It is not known that he ever sang anything else—his heart was all given over to the fair one and her doubtful-smelling barrow. Anyhow, though he did not know all the verses he would fall back time and again on:

*"In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pret-ty,
It was . . ."*

But the piping break in his voice was too much both for him and his hearers, and a chunk of wood or an old boot would invariably greet him at this stage.

Tin Ribs was a rough hand with a team of oxen, and it was extraordinary the trips he attempted at all seasons of the year. On one occasion, when he made a journey to Paradis Crossing, he chanced the freighting of a load of loose stoves back to Lloydminster. He arrived at the crossing, which, like all of its kind, had not a good approach. Stacked high upon his waggon were Miller's metallic goods. Now, whether the oxen were thinking to get something back on Tin Ribs for his harsh treatment of them or not it is hard to say, though in one sense they could not be blamed for his was a heavy hand. Anyway, the ruin could not have been more complete.

If a person would undertake the contract of freighting loads of iron and tin stoves on a precarious journey by means of oxen then was there a doubt of his sanity—or a proof that he put great faith in animal nature! A forlorn hope this freighting business, for a man could not choose the size of these household goods that they might load on his waggon, nor pick the trail, nor the destination of these goods.

His devious path might be down the untrailed side of the river, like the Fort Pitt landing in the early days, and his team might hurtle down the rough banks trusting to luck more than good guidance. Perhaps a friendly tree would act as

a brake to the self-willed team in their wild career, crashing over saplings, bending heavier ones to the level, until eventually a stouter trunk would lock the neck-yoke and tongue fast and stop them from plunging in the river.

But Tin Ribs was not the man to understand oxen—these animals that would go so patiently with measured tread, whether theirs was a forlorn hope, trip doomed to disaster or a pleasant meander down the Golden Valley, with luscious prairie grasses all around and the slough ever present to quench their thirst. It mattered not to them. On they went, dull-headed and large-eyed; the while they chewed the cud of reflection on pastures new, never worrying, never grumbling, but always creeping on.

The animals, if left to their own devices, at times would exercise an instinct hitherto unknown by their owners, and would often show more reason than their oft-time thoughtless drivers. Time and time again have they unerringly directed their erstwhile guides towards their home.

Our venturesome Tin Ribs, from his top-heavy load of stoves, essayed to guide the luckless team to the right, down a steep descent. But the oxen had their own ideas and preferred the left and broader path up a hill. Now came the clash of animal instinct with the obstinacy of human nature—the man would have his lordling sway over the mere animal! There was a fierce struggle—the oxen insisting on their course and Tin Ribs unable to stop them. Bending round a curve of

the trail with, in nautical parlance, a very strong list to port, the topmost stove of the load whereon sat Tin Ribs moved swiftly from off its base, carrying with it the luckless Jehu. With one downward swoop it fell amongst the bushes. The stove and Tin Ribs continued their flight, rolling over and over—now the stove on top, now Tin Ribs; each seemed to be fighting for supremacy, the struggle ending in the murky waters of the river, where the triumph of brain over mere matter was demonstrated—for Tin Ribs sat on top of the stove in the shallow water.

As to the team, they plunged forward, the shapely pieces of domestic comfort toppling off once the key-stove had shifted, the music of the tin stove-pipes mingling with the more baritone sounds of the larger goods. Truly the pipes of Pan played not with greater effect, nor did the sacred bulls of Basan keep better time with their fellows in the ancient religious rites. Finding that the faster pace on the downhill grades suited best the unloading of their burden, the bulls kept joyously on their way until one solitary example of McClary's art was left upon the waggon—an "Excelsior" stove, with many nickel-plated portions, and resplendent in the latest idea of a looking-glass disc back. All its companions were strewn along that rocky way, smashed, and far beyond repair in most cases, the litter and glitter of all the nickelled pieces shining in the evening sun and showing destruction almost worse than the field of Waterloo.

But this was not the end, by any means, of this adventure; for afterwards, when anyone purchased a stove that may have been cracked and repaired and sold at a cheaper figure accordingly, the question was invariably asked—and in all seriousness:

“Is this a ‘TIN RIBS’ stove?”

How he earned the sobriquet of Tin Ribs is not clear, but it is a fact that when the small flock of the Colony at the time were introduced severally and separately to his lordship the Bishop, by old Jacob Tweedale (the warden for Marshall district), it was:

“My lord, this is—er—Mr.—er—Tin Ribs.”

And Tin Ribs took this manner of presentation, as he did everything else, quite complacently.

“THE MAJOR.”

The Major did not exactly answer the description of the robust and corpulent majors of James Grant's, the novelist, who were of the jovial, elderly, father-of-the-regiment style, looking after the young ensigns and seeing that duels were always carried out according to the honour of an officer and gentleman, and with regimental tradition, yet managing to enjoy their part of, second to the challenger or injured one; always and ever deep drinkers—fresh and smiling the morning after, too! Still our Major was ever a military man, and, since the days of South Africa and his friend

Colonel Howard of the Honourable Artillery Company, none sought to keep alive more the clank of sabre and the jingle of the booted spur.

Never was he one to push his militarism down your throat like the hated Prussian ; his was more the love of the pageant and display when the troop of Light Horse manœuvred to a sparse, though critical, throng of admirers. Always and ever he was gentlemanly to a degree, pleasant and docile to a fault. Yet one looked for and expected it of the army or militia that it should at some time come to the "sticking point" and swear and rave according to the old school and unwritten regulations of its period ; but no—he might have been inwardly angry and raging, yet only showed a smile of sickly shade.

To his intensity of military pride might be largely attributed the raising of the first Mounted Rifles in the district, afterwards culminating in the Militia cavalry or Twenty-Second Regiment under Colonel Hodson.

The Major's slumbering ardour was aroused by a wire, and he caused every horse or crock in the town and district to be commandeered for the Government, and showed such activity as few persons credited him with.

A bogus telegram had been sent by the local wits to the Major, stating that war had broken out between Russia and Great Britain.

Mounted on his favourite "kid," affecting a stooped pose, holding a loose rein, and the ever-

lasting pipe in his mouth, the Major roused the livery-stable keepers, for it was night time, and in the King's name took possession of all quadrupeds. Then speeding him to all the owners of cayuses or horses of any kind in the neighbourhood, he ordered them into town, and in fact brought a string of six or eight in himself.

Gradually the truth dawned on him and he smiled. But for days afterwards farmers and home-steaders were seen leading single animals behind their waggons to town—"the Major's order." Possibly this joke caused more laughter than any ever perpetrated in the Colony; but it showed that the Major, when mobile movement was called for, was a cavalry man to the uttermost extent. Horses were everything, according to his ruling—men, apparently, were not needed.

He got his laugh back on one of the jokers who had a new horse in one of the livery barns at the time. This was a particularly fine animal and a good saddle mount. The Major's cavalry eye immediately noted a good charger for himself—for why should he not have the choice as "Chief of the Horse Command," according to all rules and precedences of the Honourable Artillery Company? Colonel Sir George Howard would have no hesitation in deciding such a trifling point of unwritten law. So the bold Major had the horse taken away to his own stable.

Now the jokers' allies persuaded the one concerned not to interfere on behalf of the mount for the present and everything would come right in a

few days, so the joke was allowed to take its course. But, lo and behold! something happened which was not in the programme—the animal, new to its surroundings and taking advantage of the Major's careless slip-knot fastening, got away, and with a good start made right for his old home some thirty miles away, apparently disgusted with the Major and his cavalry ways, and completely ignoring any new ownership or horse-play. If the laugh was on the cavalryman at first, it was very soon transferred to the owner, and the horse, being shortly recovered, was brought back again.

True to his ruling passion, the Major acted his part continuously, and when he came clattering down the one street of the village with half a dozen dogs at his horse's heels, it seemed as though he might be leading a sortie or desperate attack on the place. Invariably in his cups and jolly periods he would talk of bloody affrays with the Boers on the Koomati River and other places, and ever when persuaded to sing on these occasions he allowed himself to give way in a gentlemanlike manner to the request of the company for the cavalry song:

*"And six stalwart lancers shall carry me
With steps that are mournful and slow."*

But with the clarion call for men in 1915 the Major bade a hurried *adieu* to his cavalry hopes in his eagerness to see service again, and went through

the war with the "gravel crunchers" up to within the last six months, when, oh, joy! he transferred to a dashing light cavalry unit and saw the end, chasing the flying Huns in the fondest of all his dreams—a real charge on horseback.

CHAPTER XIV

HENRY R. MILES, SUNNY JIM, THE OLD SOLDIER AND PHIL THE FLUTER

HENRY R. MILES, B.A., "Nature's gentleman," though born and educated in England, was the son of an Irishman. Possibly he had no equal in the country as a Greek scholar. He was one of the few settlers who set out westward before the Colony proper from Saskatoon, so he was about the first settler on the land to commence farming.

If loveliness, honour, and integrity are characteristics that make a man great, then surely Miles was great in a marked degree. His quiet, unobtrusive manner and ever-courteous ways endeared him to one and all, whilst his hospitality was not governed by ideas of expense or trouble—his was goodness of heart and utter forgetfulness of self. Losses of cattle and goods, that others looked on as disaster, he smiled at. He ever worked cheerfully at the most plebeian tasks. Adversity got no encouragement from him, for he met it with a smile, yet was more willing to help others who fell down under its knock-out blows. He sought not publicity of any kind,

but stood behind his fellows in the public good.

In later days Miles was persuaded to stand for the Constituency—to represent the views of the people on the broadest lines. He was defeated because, as his opponents stated openly, "Miles would never descend to base methods"—and those methods were freely used by his opponents.

Miles married a good and noble woman who loved him for himself, and not the things material with which he was endowed, for he was a wealthy man and of good family. He always spent money freely to further what he believed to be the wants of the people.

The Great War broke out and Miles went without a murmur, smiling as was his wont, though to a nature like his war seemed harsh and cruel, but it was in "his line of duty!"

To-day his body lies in an unknown spot in Flanders' fields where the lovely poppies grow. He was killed in the early days of the fighting, his body serving to stem the fierce German rush. He died for those he sought to serve in life.

Percival James Huddleston was an Englishman, a bachelor of uncertain age; in fact, many people have probed into Percy's birthday secret but failed in elucidating any information. Certainly he himself gave nothing away in that line, or in any other, and if, accordingly, we were to describe him as *young* or *middle-aged* it would

still but please him and still clothe him in a mantle of uncertainty; and in his life and doings in the Colony he certainly upset all theory and dispersed all certainties.

Where he got the symphonious title of Sunny Jim it is hard to say, but legend, which clothes all doubtful histories with romance, tells of his interview with that master of finance—Barr—in the early days of his office at Sergeant's Inn, where there was a pretty typist, and Jim, with his most innocent and heavenward look through his glasses, asked this financial guide if he might find him a wife to take on his journey to the land of promise—the honeymoon to be spent on the trail.

Be this as it may, Barr is said to have described him as "full of sunshine—in fact, the class of man to make life one continuous honeymoon," and "the man to go to the Colony." History and the Colony will always thank Mr. Barr for this living ray of sunshine. Certainly whether it was on shipboard, train, trail or homestead, Jim seemed to be possessed of the philosopher's stone, and many envied him because of it. By many people this most interesting character was taken to be of simple mind, nay, they even said that "there was something wrong somewhere"—the exact part of the anatomy not being mentioned; but this record is set down in order to disprove such a theory for all time.

When Jim set out at St. John with a knapsack on his back, a walking-stick, and a small packet

of concentrated meat lozenges, everyone said—and many must remember this—that he would only reach Brandon—where the asylum was!—yet he was among the first party to be at the Fourth Meridian Camp. He gained his title, too, after the three years probationary period, for a 160-acre farm, the closest to and most valuable, next to the town-site of Lloydminster.

And now to picture this remarkable man. At first sight he may have looked like a bookworm, one who has pored over dusty volumes of dry, sawdust-like material, for there seemed to be little humour in him or in his looks. The face was long and lean, showing high cheek-bones, the expression inclined to shrewdness and the mouth weak and uncertain. Jim's eyes were his salvation, and the upward glance of their innocent pupils at once gave to the beholder a feeling of fellow-sympathy. *That* did everything. How could a man refuse him anything and feel contented? No, he could not sleep sound after a refusal to such as Jim! To cap all, he wore a few spare hairs on his chin and nether lip—hairs that were, by chance or mistake, placed on an otherwise baby-smooth face.

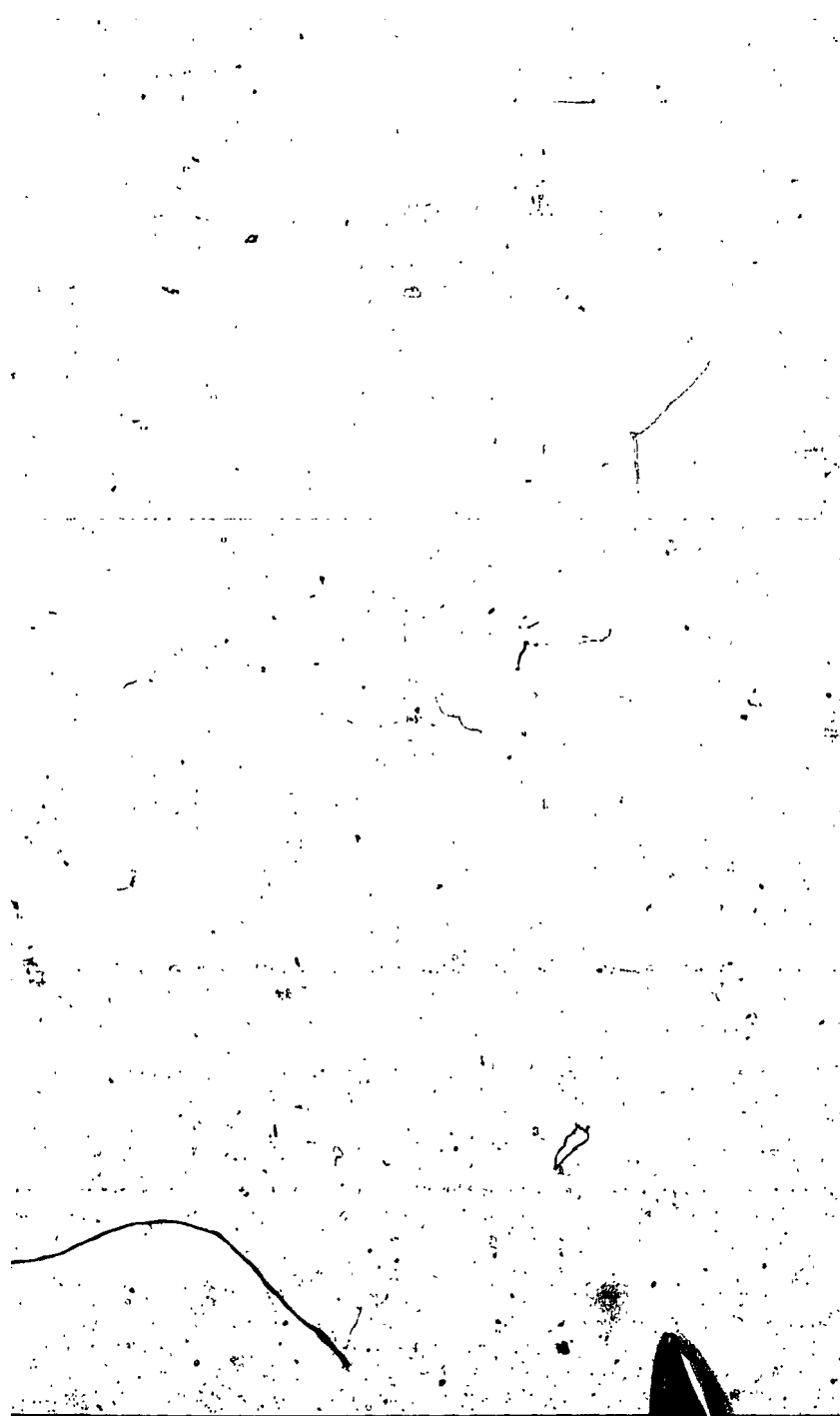
Jim walked the greater part of the journey on the trail, and his keen love of nature and animals made him seek the prairie flowers of many kinds, as he travelled far and wide, possibly not sure of his direction, but always turning up with a bunch of these flowers and presenting them to the camp occupants that he was fortunate to meet with

... invariably at meal times ! Miss Posthumous, who kept the tent restaurant on the School Section during the summer, was the recipient of many bunches of beautiful daisies, marigolds, daffodils and pea-vine, buffalo-grasses, and the brilliant-hued tiger-lilies. As to animals, the playful gophers were his special friends and companions, and he passed many a long day pleasantly with them for company. It was not known then that he worked, or had any serious views of a to-morrow and its responsibilities.

He lost his way many times in going from the camp to his homestead—a trifle over a mile away, south-east of the School Section, and only by chance he found his way back in the darkness. Jim would often be found ensconced in some tent, the owner of which did not know of his presence until the morning dawned.

On one particular occasion he got back to the camp fairly late, and as it was his practice and diplomacy not to awaken anyone, he crept into a tent, found an empty bed and promptly covered himself up in its grateful folds, all unconscious that he was in the hospital tent and in the bed of a mad patient. Various noises heralded the madman's discovery of Jim in his bed. He endeavoured to oust him ; but Jim's strategy proved stronger than the strength of the madman—for *Jim* remained in the bed and the madman went without, having to sleep on the floor of the doctor's tent.

Many tales could be told of Sunny Jim, but the





CHURCH STREET, LLOYDMINSTER.

fact remains that he won out every time and eventually got his title to the land he entered on, and which, some years ago, he sold out at a big price, leaving for pastures new. It is related that a short time ago a widow with land, and children, married Jim—thus proving that wisdom is found in women!

Now, Jim was a suppositionist, or one who supposed that everything was based on pre-knowledge of what was to come; but to him or anyone else it never came in the shape or form he wished it. Yet with fine self-sufficiency and grave politeness he advanced his views—and he believed in them, too, to his own satisfaction. He had a vulgar taste in letters, scarce flying higher than the stories in the illustrated papers his friends sent him. Probably he knew no difference between Kipling and Bobby Burns. His noblest thoughts of poetry or music are adequately embodied in that somewhat obvious ditty:

*"He was tall and thin and wiry,
Yet his temper it was fiery,
For he listed in the Irish Fusiliers.
He could drink his squad to blazes,
And then leave them full of phrases
That would make a pretty angel dazed."*

But, if he had no fine sense of poetry in letters, he felt with a deep joy the poetry of life. You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water, of

the stars overhead at night, of the blest return of the morning, the peep of day over the prairie, the awaking birds amongst the willows! How he abhorred the long winter in his little shack, with never a gopher to be seen or hold converse with! And at the return of spring with what delight would he once more pitch his camp in the sunlight and amongst his sportive little friends.

When he told of his experiences with the Black-foot Indian braves or the half-breed Cree his stories were full of living pictures which created quite a sensation.

Beside this character of Sunny Jim we place that of the old soldier who spent his last days at Fort Pitt on the river and went the way of all flesh in the end. He was minus one leg—presumed by many to have been lost in the Frog Lake massacre in the '85 rising—and went through his daily duties on a wooden stump in frost and snow, summer and sunshine.

As a mere lad he had joined the army as a trumpeter, had gone through the Indian Mutiny, played his part with the Field Force at Delhi, went through the siege, with that contempt of death that for long months together be-devilled and inspired the army. He was hurled to and fro in the battle; was near where the gallant Nicholson fell. He was there when the attacking column, with hell upon every side, found a soldier's enemy

—strong drink—and the lives of tens of thousands trembled in the scale, and the fate of the Empire's flag was in doubt.

But of all this he had no more to say than: "Pretty hot work, sir," or: "If I was young I would do it again."

These two, both untrained and unsophisticated, surprised, we may say, in the egg, both boldly characteristic—the theorist who won out, the lover and artificer of words, and the lover and creator of experience; if the one had a daughter and the other a son and these became united, might not some illustrious writer count descent from the soldier logger and the once-needy theorist?

Phil the Flutter was a soldier of the South African Campaign, where he had served in one of those irregular bodies of Colonial Cavalry of the dare-devil kind. Taking life generally in a philosophical manner, genial and good-natured to a fault, he had been fond of a roving life, and on being discharged from the army the pamphlets about Western life caught his eye and fixed his decision.

He joined the Barr party, filed on a homestead, and in every particular carried out his duties as a settler in the community of which he was a striking, never-to-be-forgotten figure. Of stout build and medium height, Phil's age was about thirty years, and he was unmarried, though he often spoke of

women in a tender way as if they were beyond, and not for, him. Many things could be told of the bachelor settler; of his lonely yet busy life upon the prairie; of the multitudinous duties, domestic and otherwise, he had to perform—from building the log shack to cooking meals and baking the bread, to say nothing of his farm-work. The great variety of his occupations was possibly the best solace such a life could offer; but then there was always the hope that success would one day be his—and then things would be altered and perhaps another would be there to share his bettered lot and fortune.

And many a good bachelor lived his lonely life because he would not wed until his bride-to-be could be placed on that pedestal of comfort and affluence which he wished. The prairie bachelor lived always with the hope before him of marrying a dainty maiden. Possibly Phil had the same thoughts in his roving mind. . . . Nay, we must credit him with them, for was he not a *soldier*?—and love and chivalry are terms synonymous.

His merry and rubicund face was redolent of humour, whilst in his easy way he told of some experience that, to the listener, was remindful of narrow escapes, like Othello's, "from the deadly imminent breach." In fact, Phil was never known to become excited, no matter what happened to him. His was the cool head and the ready hand to catch a runaway team when others stood by, horror-stricken and inactive. He drove oxen, and

was a freighter at times, and had great success with these slow-moving beasts to whom time is the essence of all things.

In softer moods, when he smoked his short clay pipe of an evening, he would drift into descriptions of women and give details of the charming Flora Kandry—the housekeeper's daughter at the place where he lodged while on his freighting trips. To many of his listeners these reminiscences were brimful of laughter, for the dear girl was a person of something like 200 lbs. weight, aged 17, and inclined to facial beauty of a kind. Then, when the fun was at its highest, Phil adroitly led the conversation from the charms of the lady to the person of Sunny Jim and his ambitions thereto.

But such a character was not complete without music in his soul. He played the flute with skill, and many will remember the easy manner in which he would enter the little log church, flute in hand, and join in the music of the simple service. On these occasions he was invariably dressed in a red-coloured sweater and large-sized mocassins.

Broad and big in his views, he was ready to help his neighbours on the farm or in the village, or, at some of the musical evenings, to take the part of the strong man Samson and perform such prodigies of strength in weight-lifting and iron-bar-breaking that the place shook with applause. Of many parts and arts, it might be said that this man mistook his vocation and was meant

for other things. But the Colony would have been the loser had he not come with it.

The Great War came and he found his vocation, and the records of the fighting 49th speak of this old soldier.

CHAPTER XV

THE SUN DANCE FESTIVAL

THE Festivals of the Indian people are of a religious character in origin—though often owing to their ending in scenes of a debasing kind and rowdy pow-wows, they have been banned by the Government for a period.

The worship of the Indian consists broadly of deifying nature. The Festival of the Sun Dance was witnessed by many of our people in the reserves at Frog Lake and other places. The rising and setting sun is a god all-powerful to these children of nature, and their simple adoration of it was most touching to the beholder; whilst, with the effects of war paint, dress of beaded deerskin, the horses and ponies on which the squaws and Indian braves were mounted streaked with paint of brilliant colouring, it looked a fierce and almost warlike spectacle.

The Sun Dance Festival commences with the ceremony of hunting for the Medicine Root. This particular plant must be found in the immediate vicinity before the sun rises. The dance described, which was witnessed by the author, took place

near Frog Lake, and was possibly one of the biggest gatherings of the Cree Indians for many years, and may be the last of its kind. The Government had stopped the practice for some time past, but had granted a dispensation—for this time only, it was said.

For weeks the trails leading east, west, north and south, were alive with Indians, their squaws and papooses, travelling to their Mecca of the time. Many came from far-off Battleford and other equally distant reserves, hunting the country they passed through, and altogether enjoying the trip. Indians on the trail at a time like this were most interesting to observe. Their wigwams were set up and the ramshackle waggons arranged alongside in such a manner that a blanket awning could be stretched between, thus forming an ante-room to the main chamber or wigwam. Then various poles were erected on which the new skins of coyotes, skunk, badger, or the inevitable musk-rat were stretched. The red and fleshy rat was always ready for cooking. One or two "huskies" would prowl around and keep guard betimes.

The squaws could be seen squatting round the camp fire, baking and cooking the hard, round ash cakes and crooning to their papooses, which they carried on their backs by means of a board strapped round their own shoulders, leaving their hands free to accomplish their work. This contrivance, called a *tik-kanagan*, had a handle, convenient for lifting the *tik-kanagan* from one place to another and to prevent the papoose being hurt in the event

of the "cradle" tipping over when stood against a stone or tree. People might think the *tik-kanagan* a hard bed for the young one to lie upon, but could they see the soft, downy couch of reindeer moss inside the blanket, strapped together with moose-thong, they would alter their opinion. The Indian mother, as tender with her baby as any other mother, has washed the moss many times to get out all gritty, prickly matter before she suffers it to line the little nest of the papoose.

The Indian man, in semi-festival array, sat cross-legged at the camp-fire, smoking the *kini-kin-ik* plant in lieu of tobacco. The younger boys and girls romped around in innocent fun, though fearful and shy of a stranger, whilst near by the cayuse ponies were grazing.

The whole scene—one of contentment and indolence—brought home to one the fact that, were it not for a paternal Government and the protection afforded them of "reserves" and food supply, these simple people would never survive amidst the new civilisation that is fast crowding them out—indeed these Indian peoples are going rapidly, and soon will be a thing of the past. It is pathetic to ponder over their history—their country taken from them by the white man, his doubtful bargainings with them in the early trading and even present days, and now the evils of the white people that will surely be the end of them; for diseases, with ignorance of their cure, are the legacy left to the Red man.

Many hundreds of Red people were now assembled on the spot chosen for the festival—a flat piece of prairie, free from brush. No great hurry was apparent in starting, and the duration of the proceedings was always doubtful—often lasting a week or ten days.

The waggons and outfits of different sorts were grouped in a huge semi-circle, with the open side to the East, or sunrise. All tents and wigwams were on the inside of this ring, with the Chief's lodge in a prominent position and a little towards the centre. The visiting chief men of the other tribes were given hospitality, and squatted close by this lodge in all the glory of war paint and feathers. The six medicine-men, in full panoply of their office—strings of cures and amulets around their half-naked bodies—looked a remarkable bunch indeed, so old and wizened that they stooped nearly double, while their long and flowing locks were white with age. They advanced to the centre of the circle to await the Medicine Root, which, at first sight of dawn, a number of squaws and braves, previously appointed had sought in the bush country close by.

At a given signal by the Chief the drums commenced a monotonous roll, announcing the Sunrise, and presently the fleetest of the young braves, racing into the circle ahead of his companions, laid the root before the Medicine-men, who, having approved of it, sat them down along with the Chief in a ring, having the root in the centre.

Meanwhile, the young brave who was victorious in the quest for the plant, was led away, hero-like, and regaled by the rest with meat and drink, of which there seemed an abundance—a happy, though rare, state with Indians.

The Medicine-men then produced a long peace-pipe, which was solemnly smoked by each person in the circle as it passed around. The offerings to the Sun were afterwards placed in this circle, and consisted of blankets, food, saddles, mocassins, and a medley of things down to cooking utensils of little value. These offerings were burnt, or buried in secret—the strict observance of this rite being a bounden duty of every Indian.

With the Medicine-men were the tom-toms and pow-wow men, and these commenced in unison a loud beating and chanting. Upon this signal all the Indians sprang to their ponies, which stood outside of the large semi-circle. Then galloped bare-back into the circle both squaws and braves, fully a hundred riders resplendent in buckskin mocassins and head-dress, with paint and beads galore, while the ponies were streaked with paint of contrasting colours. All carried long ribbons, which streamed behind them as they pranced and curvetted before the crowd of breeds and white people.

Some semblance of order now being observed, the riders would advance in lines of twenty or thirty abreast, with a great shout and at full gallop, then, suddenly wheeling, would fall into narrow formations or single files. Everything was

life and animation, and the ponies fully entered into the spirit of these mimic and fearsome charges, which made the earth to tremble beneath them.

Feather Queen was a comely maiden of the Blackfeet Tribe, one of the few Red women who retained her good looks—the change from youth to old age is so rapid with them that it is but a span between the springtime of maidenhood and that of the sere and yellow leaf. About twenty-six years of age, Feather Queen was really a Queen of Beauty, with her raven-black tresses reaching to her waist, piercing eyes inclined to a brownish tint, and good profile. Her nose and forehead were strongly set and of rather noble lines, for she was said to have come of the full-bloods of the Blackfeets, the ancient enemies and neighbours of the Cree. Her figure, whilst supple, gave the impression of strength.

At this moment she was the centre of the Cree braves' attraction, and many sought in vain the favour of her glance, for she was of the imperious, commanding type, which throws no softened glances around unless the suppliant pays homage by remaining in her train.

Feather Queen's dress was of eagles' feathers of the smaller size, cunningly worked in lines and interspersed through her short deerskin doublet—tight-fitting to the somewhat full breasts and neat waist—whilst the short skirt of dark material showed the bead-worked mocassin trousers of almost white buckskin underneath. The head-

dress was a magnificent affair of fan-shaped eagles' feathers of the largest size, surmounted by a large brooch of rude white stone set in an eagle's claw. The head-dress gave her medium stature a commanding height and dignity. She carried a spear and light buckskin shield, as though ready for the chase, and altogether was a striking figure, as she flashed her piercing eyes disdainfully around.

This Queen of the Blackfeets stood aloof from the throng and the chattering papooses, who were running about in their holiday attire of buckskin and beads and giving vent to cries in imitation of their elders to the monotonous accompaniment of the beat of drums. Her gaze was not that of the vain Indian maidens all around, laughing and gesticulating to the handsome breeds dressed in their white men's clothes, with the usual headgear of the "stetson" type.

These breed gentlemen, embarrassed by their own civilisation—if it could be so called—stood in the guise of lookers-on at the religious rite of their forbears, in which they meant to take no part, yet curiously impatient and critical of all around. Occasionally one of them would be unable to contain himself any longer, and giving a challenging look to another would, without a word, break away from the throng of gazers and join with the riders—not from an excess of zeal for the worship, but rather because of his love of the sport and the pow-wow sure to follow. Besides, these dusky maidens were clean and freshly-oiled for

the occasion, then why not get in on the frolic whilst the "going was good?"

Feather Queen turned and spoke rapidly to one of ~~her own~~ braves. He disappeared on the instant into the thicket close by, presently to appear leading a superb black charger with gay trappings. That the horse was lame was at once patent. Some accident must have befallen him! Feather Queen patted the noble animal, which responded by rubbing himself against her and attempting to paw the earth with his hurt foot. It was evident that the pair were close friends. But the maiden was in a quandary as to her mount; it was plain to be seen that she longed to join in the entrancing gallop around her, but riding *him* was out of the question. She was too proud to stoop to ask these other peoples for a horse suitable for her—besides, they only rode the despised but useful cayuse!

Just then the Red man of Fenimore Cooper's period arrived. He was one of the tall, slim, upright type, also a Blackfoot—oh, joy! His aquiline features and beautifully-shaped nose were noble, and his lithe body moved in a sinuous way beneath the mocassin and bead-fringed suit he wore. There was a dignified and almost reverend manner in his quiet way. Sitting his horse as though a very statue, he addressed the maiden in her own tongue:

"Would Feather Queen, my sister, deign to take my horse to ride in the Festival?"—and he dismounted with easy grace.

Feather Queen's eyes spoke that which was in her mind, ~~and, thanking him,~~ she sprang without aid to the bare back of his steed and dashed into the throng of riders, slinging her shield crosswise on her back and touching the horse lightly with her spear, for she rode well, as do all the Blackfeet, her supple body following the animal's least movement, and her mocassined legs clinging to him as she made towards the Cree Chief's lodge.

Apparently at this point of the proceedings the arrangements were being upset by the sportive half-breeds, who were getting warmed to the excitements around them and were commencing their bucking exhibitions in the throng, and showing what smart fellows they were by attempting to run the show! Some Master of Ceremonies, with a firm hand, was required to take charge, so that there be no interference in the arrangements which permitted everyone of all colour to join in.

Glances were cast towards the lodge as though awaiting some direction from that point. Suddenly a lull was observed among the assembly. The old Chief was there on foot, addressing the riders, with Feather Queen on horseback close by. But the inevitable breed, like all his class, must perforce still continue his antics. . . . Was not this the very moment to show his poor Indian relations how things should be done in bronco-busting? He was their superior now in blood and a close friend of the great white peoples!

One persistent fellow was certainly doing some

extraordinary stunts with his bronco—a powerful, raw-boned pinto, with a bad eye set deep in his head. The old Chief's address had evidently some effect on the breeds excepting this chap, for he continued in spite of everything. The animal was doing his best to unseat the rider, who persisted in giving him the spur and quip continually and shrieking cries that nettled him. Up and down they went, like a huge rocking-horse, the rider and his mount in a lather of sweat and dust; off again at breakneck speed around the ring, knocking the onlookers aside and continuing the desperate game until the beholder was sick of the self-inflicted punishment to man and beast. At this stage the breed became a sort of fanatic and scarce knew what he was doing.

With a word to the aged chief, Feather Queen rode forward to the pair and engaged with them. Ambling her horse alongside, with the greatest skill and quiet determination, she endeavoured to "lock" the action of the maddened bronco by patient manipulation of leg and rein, side-pressure and wrist, with her own horse. A movement of this kind showed the perfect union and understanding that was between horse and rider. The breed and bronco were virtual prisoners, fast held, yet without a rope or lariat!

The breed now looked very cheap, and could scarcely say a word. With a mighty "Ugh!" Feather Queen caught him by the nape of the neck, sliding him to the ground, while the bronco ran free and cantered off.

Cheers greeted this feat, and the now nerve-shaken breed was a pitiful object as he slunk away. All the bystanders who thought him a hero before now jeered and laughed at his plight, his breed people scarce would own him, his reputation was gone, and his horsemanship discredited—and by a Blackfeet woman! Bah!

Feather Queen was now the acknowledged leader, and with a mighty shout the whole cavalcade acclaimed her as she led the way to the timber-bush to obtain and bring in the Altar-tree, upon which the worship-house, composed of a leafy bower, is made. In this case the tree cut down was fully 60 feet in height; it was shorn of its main or lower branches.

Presently the procession appeared, "snaking" the tree along, as it is termed, with horsemen on either side with the long lariats and ropes which are fastened to the tree attached to their saddle horns. Sturdily the horses bore their burden to its appointed place, whilst the squaws and braves, with cries and tom-toms accompanied and encouraged them. Other braves on horseback now appeared with smaller trees, and these having been set up as a sort of "sheer legs," by means of ropes the altar-tree was reared into an upright position, long tree poles bracing and propping it. Thus a bower was formed underneath, covered over with innumerable small branches, looking like an Indian Pagoda—the huge tree in the centre towering above all with its leafy top crowning and dignifying the whole group. The labour and

energy expended on this task—for it took the whole day to complete it—was only equalled by the almost fierce enthusiasm taken in the work, Feather Queen always active herself, yet directing all.

The Sun Dance proper had now commenced, and the drums and reed fifes played a discordant tune or chant, keeping time with the shuffling throng—a sort of shuffle without progress—as the dancers kept in the one spot or line. They danced, facing the sun, until they were exhausted and fell down; then others took their places, and so it went on until far into the night whilst the camp-fires threw their fitful shadows around and the onlookers stood or squatted by.

The Festival went on for days—new Indians arriving and taking part. The old people, meanwhile, did the cooking and played the host in their wigwams, keeping open house for all comers.

When the dance gave way to an orgy by the introduction of bad whiskey, usually by the breeds, and matters developed into scenes of a degrading character in consequence—for the Indian is crazy in liquor—the ever-watchful police dispersed the gathering. The Indians then went back quite peaceably to their reservations, far or near. There was no hurry—no time fixed for return—and no to-morrow to worry over in the Indian's life!

The civilising influences of the Roman Catholic Mission under Father Cunningham, and the Church

THE SUN DANCE FESTIVAL

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of England Mission, with the late Rev. J. D. Matheson, and Mrs. Dr. Matheson in charge, at Onion Lake have done much good work among the Indians and many things could be told about the improvement wrought amongst them.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GROWTH OF THE COLONY IN 1904 AND 1905

In the fall of the year of 1904 the then Governor-General of Canada, Earl Grey, was making his tour of the West on horseback, and amongst different places *en route* visited the Barr Colony. An escort of North-West Police accompanied him, and the cavalcade was replete with camping outfit, cooks and field-kitchens.

An address of welcome was presented to the Earl, and in his reply he said that he looked on the Colony as "a fine colonisation scheme with a great future before it."

It is interesting to relate that the late General Maude, who did such good work in Palestine and died at Baghdad during the war, was the *aide-de-camp* to his lordship at the time and accompanied him—he was then Major Maude.

The Bank of Commerce started a bank branch, with Mr. Strickland in charge, at the corner of Church Street, where the business of Barfett is now carried on; a small lumber lean-to was here erected as the "Bank" premises for the time being.

It was rather an exciting journey that the banking party took with their bags of money, as they elected to sail down the river on the Hudson Bay Company's little steamer to Fort Pitt, where a landing was made without any mishap, thence by teams and waggon to the village, and business started the next morning!—the village quite proud to think that it had a real banking institution, one that was representative of the best of its kind. Other buildings and stores now gradually increased, and altogether things were shaping and the place looked quite different from the one-time tent village on the School Section.

But in the country, miles away from the village, things were even more progressive; houses, barns, etc., were erected on the homesteads, and a large acreage of virgin sod was broken for the future cropping of wheat. This was the groundwork—the basis of all agriculture—and stiff and slow work it was. Animals of all kinds were used in harness but oxen predominated in spite of the numerous horses and cayuses that had been brought up in the spring.

Owing to the water difficulty, at first many horses developed slough-fever through drinking the surface waters of low-lying parts on the prairie and died off. There was no remedy for this disease—the want of wells being the cause. Many fine animals were thus lost, particularly eastern-bred horses whose stable-bred natures ill-accorded with the rough prairie they now were living on. The

horse that took this slough fever seemed just to waste away in flesh, eating up to the time he died, and going off like a consumptive patient.

It became such a common epidemic on the prairie that the settlers, fearing their coming losses, turned the animals out on the prairie for good, so that they could die away from home. In a great number of instances, horses turned adrift like this on the approach of winter, survived, coming out strong and tough again in the springtime as though a new lease of life had been granted them. It was seen, though, that good water was essential. In the matter of wells it was a case of hand-digging pick-and-shovel work that was as slow as it was laborious, with the uncertainty of striking water—and reports from those who had attempted it were not encouraging by any means.

Slough water for household or domestic purposes was obtained by sinking a well a few feet, close to the slough, and a plentiful supply of good filtered water could thus be obtained of a soft nature; but this was not a guaranteed supply, for when the slough dried up the well dried also, therefore the slough method could not be depended on for horses and stock in any quantity.

So a well and a permanent source of water for all purposes was necessary, and the sooner it was dug the better. Then arose the question as to where water was to be found, and the certainty of obtaining it by means of the "willow-switch"; and many switches were cast and many wells dug—without producing water.

The method of cribbing, or lining, a deep well in order to keep it from falling in was crude, as proper lumber with which to do this in the right way was very scarce and, at first, could not be obtained. So recourse was had to whatever poplar trees were near, and these were made into lengths sufficiently large to stay the rough sides of the well. It was very necessary to crib a well after 15 feet was passed, or great risk was run, many narrow escapes of death occurring from this omission.

Well-digging seemed to be the most hopeless class of work to be done in this pioneer life. When, after various delays of getting tools, trees for cribbing, and making a long ladder for descending the well, one worked hard and fast—only to strike a huge boulder right in the bottom that nothing but dynamite could move. There was nothing to do but stop work and start another well, with probably the same result. However, here was where "Hope was the anchor of the pioneer," and work the practical side of hope, so another well would be started—with successful results in most cases.

By "cribbing," and continued work, wells have often been dug to a depth of 75 and 80 feet before obtaining water, and in one case a depth of 60 feet had been reached by this means, when an obstacle in the shape of a large stone—which could not be moved—confronted the diggers and the work had to be abandoned. Often the settler would desist from these attempts at well-digging until a well-boring outfit with proper drills, etc., would come

into the district. Meanwhile, he would water his horses or cattle a few miles away at his more fortunate neighbour's well.

The well, when completed, would be fitted with a windlass and handle, the drum, etc., being made out of the inevitable poplar tree.

Indeed, though this timber was scarce, what was then available of it was used in the making of many articles of furniture, such as tables, chairs, shelves; whilst though the class of wood was poor—being only equal to what is called deal—rough sleds and sleighs were constructed of it and were in use for a few years. When affairs improved as time elapsed, the settler was able to procure the manufactured and better article.

Much speculation was rife as to the long-looked-for railroad coming through the Saskatchewan Valley and striking the Lloydminster country. Of course that a line would eventually come through this region had never been doubted, but railroads in the mind or on a plan or map are one thing, and in reality quite another thing. Countries could not be developed on maps; it would need the actual "steel" being laid and trains running to give a basis of permanent settlement to our Colony. So with the progress of the settlement hopes ran high when the actual grading at the nearest low-lying parts was started, and "fills" as high as 20 feet were put in, oxen working many of the "scrapers" or soil movers.

Word came through that the steel had reached North Battleford, about July 1905, and this of itself made much difference in prices of food stuffs, etc. At Waseca (near Paynton) a construction yard was established to push the "road" further west, its eventual object being Edmonton, thence to the coast.

On the flat stretches rapid progress was made, and the Canadian Northern Company were said to lay at the rate of over twenty miles of steel per day. Here a word as to the method: the construction train, with the rails and material of all kinds, came on by means of the new line, whilst teams of mules by the hundred hauled the ties or sleepers from the cars to the gangs of men laying them on the flat prairie ahead. Following these came the flat car just ahead of the engine which was pushing it. On this car were the rails; arms of steel protruded at right angles from both its sides, and expert gangs of steel-layers with long "tong irons" handled the rails with clockwork regularity, running ahead and laying the rail on the ties, both rails being laid together. At a word, the "spikers" got busy, and in a short time the line was firm and ready for use. At a given signal the engineer started his train forward on to the new section of metal, halting and proving the work, then on again and another section was laid.

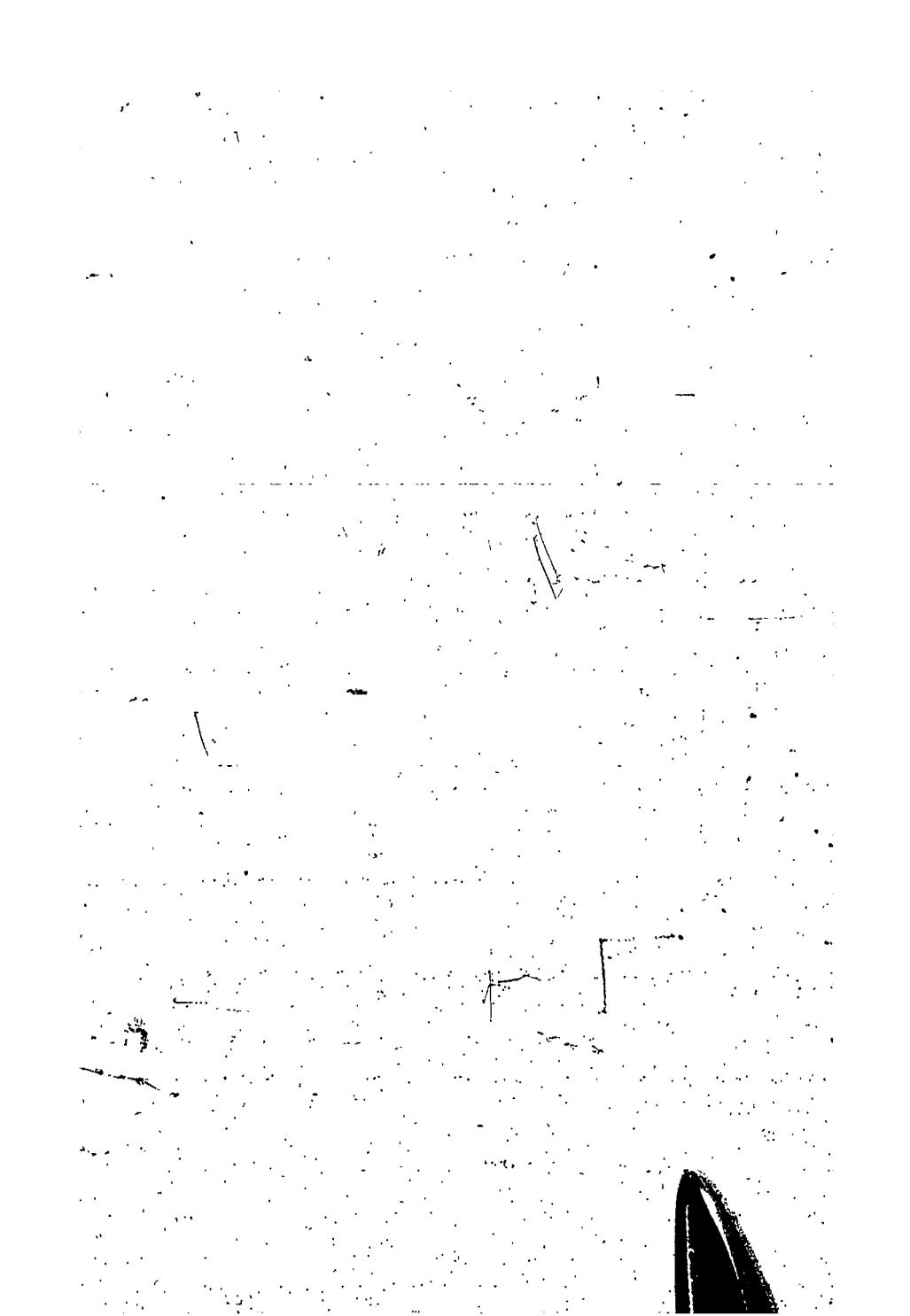
Lloydminster and district had the line through and trains running on it by August, 1905. As the gangs, working hard and fast, came through the

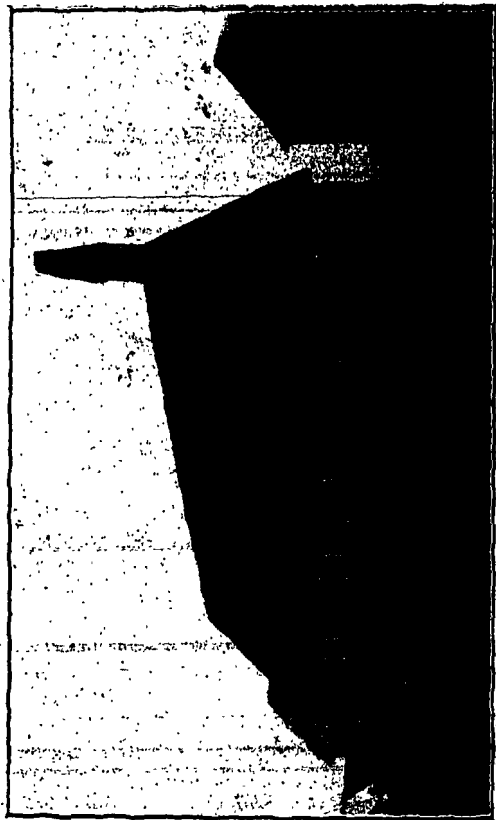
village and the train crossed the Meridian line into Alberta, hearty cheers greeted it by the assembled crowd of settlers and exciting scenes were witnessed. The gangs were given a holiday, and hospitality of a liberal kind was extended to them. Indeed, the village looked for several days as though a festival was taking place, but gradually things got normal again as the gangs worked west.

It was apparent at once the great and potential changes it would mean to everyone. The railroad line through the district! Many far-out homesteaders could not believe it, and travelled in with their slow-moving oxen to see and actually touch the steel. Yes, it was a fact! In a few days, land within a certain radius had advanced twenty dollars per acre—this by the C.P.R. Land Department. The nominal value prior to this was three to four dollars per acre.

A different outlook now was theirs, for the knowledge that their confidence in the Colony had won out was there—had not this been realised by the Railroad Company? Also a feeling of security and solidity was imparted to the whole community—for were they not in touch now by railway with the rest of the world and able to ship their grain to the best markets? Truly, it was an occasion for great rejoicing by the Colonists.

Taking a survey of matters, from the outset of the expedition to this crowning point in the success of the Colony, the work that was accomplished in the first days of breaking thousands of acres of the land to grow grain, with the somewhat doubtful result





THE "MINSTER." LLOYDMINSTER'S OLD LOG CHURCH.

by reason of early frosts—though frozen wheat had its value in being fine "feed" for hogs, the changing over again to mixed farming methods . . . all meant work, patience, and faith in themselves. Surely then it must be seen that similar results must follow any people who will take hold and do the same.

With the advance of temporal things progressed the church life in the community. The log edifice* or first church of the Colony had been completed and opened with due ceremony by the Bishop (Dr. Needham) whilst far out on the prairie at many points of the compass services were held by the chaplains. Pony brigades, formed by volunteer settlers, assisted in bringing folk together, and twenty-two centres for services were formed. Thus was it that the people kept to their Old Land ways and upbringing and realised again the old-time truths of Christianity. Certainly the story of the Church was the story of the first British Colony.

* The old log church, though not in use to-day, is an historical feature of the whole Saskatchewan Valley—an object-lesson to the many.

The Rev. G. Exton Lloyd, M.A., took a very practical hand in the pioneer work of digging and building once the logs were obtained and brought in by the Indians.

It was strange to the author, while on a visit to his mother's home in Ireland in recent years, in his parish church of childhood days, to hear the story told by this pioneer preacher himself to a huge congregation, of how his first little log church was built in the Saskatchewan Valley, even to the description of the author's work of carving the log of tamarak wood which acted as a foundation "stone." Both he and the preacher had been ignorant of the presence of the other in the city.

Needham

About this time (1904) Dr. Needham, Bishop of Saskatchewan, paid a visit to this out-of-the-way portion of his immense diocese, the extent of which is probably the largest in the world. A great concourse of people went to meet him, in waggons and mounted on horses and ponies. At a point on the East trail about Early's the leaders met him, and the whole procession, headed by the tallest horseman in the Colony—an old Life Guardsman—carrying a banner with the arms of the diocese painted on its silken folds, rode into the village, where an evergreen arch, representative of the entry to the Colony, had been erected. Here an address, beautifully engrossed by Mrs. Rendall, was read to his lordship, expressing appreciation of his visit and detailing the work of the Church, etc. For one whole week a sort of Church Festival took place, and the Bishop was a central personage in the homely social meetings, whilst Dr. Lloyd was the moving figure, ably assisted by Reeve Blackburn and the then Village Council and Vestrymen. Possibly there never was a more soul-stirring time in the local Church history of these days, for there was no division in denominational feelings, all being of the one congregation or family, although later on other Christian bodies began to be represented.

If the different denominations everywhere would only get together on a broad basis of sound practical work they would find a field and opportunity for great things; to make this workaday world a place of Christian workers, to draw the pioneer

and the Church together by the practice of the Christian virtues—instead of the stand-off feeling which prevails so often—then would we have a better civilisation for the workers, and for the Church a more profitable result in every way. More *work* must be done than *preaching* if the churches would be in closer touch with their people and their wants.

An excellent move in this line has been tried with great success by the Community Hall movement. Many of these Halls are found scattered throughout the country and more are being built. The various denominations are entering into the spirit of the work and the pastor and clergy taking more interest in the temporal welfare of the people and in the everyday doings of their congregations. They get together and understand each other, for it is this everyday knowledge and sympathetic touch which brings out the elements for good in our nature, this understanding of the strong and weak character tending to show where each can be helped by the other for the common good.

As time went on the Colonists progressed—experience rewarding them and teaching them to make fresh efforts. Gradually success and independence came to everyone who sought it.

REINFORCEMENTS JOIN THE COLONY.

The Thompson-Hutchinson people of 1905 were an emigration party which came to the Colony to take up the balance of homesteads in the district.

The organisers—Messrs. W. Hutchinson and Major R. B. Thompson, O.B.E.—were owners of land already in the Lloydminster district, and being imbued with the idea that were the public mind in Britain set right as to what had actually happened to the original settlers, doubtless many relations and friends of the Colonists would come out and settle near them.

Certainly bad reports had reached the old land as to the success of the Colony movement—circulated by the “cold-feet” who had gone back. When they gave up this mission and returned to their friends the first question would be the obvious one :

“ Why did you turn back ? ”

Of course they had to have a reason or they would be liable to be considered crazy, so they blamed someone or something—which did not absolve themselves from the cowardice of maligning a country they had not tried to reach.

In the case of the new emigration party the propagandists had opened their campaign in Sheffield, where they had an office with full equipment of pamphlets, photographs, etc., and information of all kinds regarding land and chances of making good was given. The Government and Railway Companies gave all possible help to the movement, and as a result about 150 new settlers, and in many cases their families, joined the Colony. To-day they are, in the main, comparatively independent and in a good way.

These people were able to get as far as Battle-

ford on the railway, the Canadian Northern having built the line up to this point. Consequently, for them the overland trail journey by horse and ox-team commenced at this stage.

CHAPTER XVII

RIVER FLOODS AND THE ONION LAKE LEGEND

THOUGH many trips by waggon were made to and across the North Saskatchewan in the first years of the Colony, yet the country around its vicinity was comparatively unknown except to hunting-parties and settlers seeking good building logs of spruce, jack pine, tamarack, or birch for hardwood purposes or repair of implements of husbandry. The reports brought down by these people were very favourable as to the good country and soil around Fort Pitt and Onion Lake—the latter an already old-time Indian Mission Settlement and Indian Reserve.

The scene of the Frog Lake massacre was in the vicinity, and many survivors were still living as well as many of the Indians who took part in this most bloody affair. It was a rich country in timber, having an abundance of water and feed for cattle. Unlike the Colony proper, the proximity of the river lent a charm that only those who had been used to an island home could truly appreciate, the valleys and stretches of undulating country close by the river affording pastures for stock unsurpassed in any country that is liable to strike a dry season once in a while.

We found that Onion Lake was about 35 miles from the town of Lloydminster and that the trail went through the old Fort Pitt country. An excellent Government ferry service was in operation at the Meridian Road crossing, while a few miles to the east Fort Pitt had an equally well-equipped cable system crossing on which waggons, horses, for cattle—even threshing outfits and engines—could make the journey safely to and fro, the only delay occurring in the spring at the breaking-up of the ice, or in the fall when it was about to form. At this neutral time a tussle seemed to go on as to whether the river was to have its way and flow on, making mere man's stem its currents and eddies by means of the boat-ferry, or if Nature with her severity of frost could stop the waters and hold them fast in one vast stretch of mighty ice 3 or 4 feet in thickness. No doubt, at some future date, a mighty bridge will span the river, the high banks—in places rising to upwards of 50 feet—would prove an incentive to an enterprising architect. The width of the river varies and might at parts be about 800 feet. What great future possibilities there must be for this huge river—a natural highway in years to come.

When we stood on the banks of this glorious Saskatchewan and thought of its mighty possibilities, and how it had flowed on for years, apparently of no use in ages past and gone except for the passage of the frail birch-bark canoe of the Cree, perchance crossing to visit or make war upon his brother Red man, we dreamed for the moment.

Perhaps that devoted band of Middleton's stemmed its current after the pursuit at Batoche to avenge his fellow-countrymen in those inflamed days of rebellion; and in the piping days of peace the lumberman's raft of logs, or the Colonist's scow of necessities, shot the rapids, guiding its way through sand-bars to quieter and more peaceful waters. The great river flowed on unconquered, whilst men looked on and passed away.

Many tributary streams pour into the Saskatchewan, but its great flow has been more directly attributed to the snowfall. Thus we found that when it began to melt in April, and later on when the mountain tops of the Great Rockies poured down their torrents, the river rose appreciably in height and flow. Many ferries got washed away owing to a sudden rise, and usually it was an anxious time for cattle owners and ranchers on the flat stretches by the river.

Not many years ago there was an abnormal rise in the river and remarkable scenes were witnessed. The waters were said at points to have risen upwards of 25 feet, and at Edmonton the big railway-bridge would have been washed away had not a full train-load of coal been run upon it, where it remained for upwards of fourteen days. Meanwhile, the waters washed to the top of the structure, overflowed the adjacent flat country, and houses innumerable were washed away; lumber yards were swept clean of every vestige of timber, and even whole stacks of sawn lumber were bodily lifted and carried intact by the living waters down

the river. Materials of every description, log-houses, and huge trees with their roots upturned, floated like so many matches upon the frothy dun-coloured waters and were carried hundreds of miles on its surface eastwards.

Many people, of course, were debarred from crossing at the various points, even where the ferries had not been washed away. The boats had been lashed to the banks and rose as the waters continued in flood, and many were their strange resting-places. As the river rose very rapidly it was seen that this was no ordinary rise, and the ever-thickening masses of wreckage told the tale of homes ruined and the work of a lifetime swept away in the avalanche of waters.

One pathetic picture was that of a large house borne past the Fort Pitt crossing, its upstairs windows showing the neat white curtains all intact; even the dog barked at one of the open windows. The house was half-submerged and had partially capsized or tilted over. Of the owners there was no sign whatever. At various points of the river a "jam" would occur of wreckage of all kinds, indeed, it seemed as though one thing piling on top of another with the force of the waters would eventually block the course of its flow. But no! Like the proverbial last straw would come a large tree charging right into the mass; a crashing, tearing and rending noise, and away would go the whole pile, the waters dancing and leaping in seeming triumph in its wake.

A large part of the sawn lumber, marked logs,

etc., were recovered and salvaged afterwards far down the river, but the ordinary logging booms at fixed points on the river were useless in this case.

The river went down again as rapidly as it had risen, but a change was seen on its banks, for every part that had been submerged, even if it was covered with grass and shrubbery before, was now a mass of soft black mud. The original gradings for the ferries were unrecognisable, and new cuttings with rough tree-logs were placed to make temporary landings in the form of "cordwood" approaches, for many people were stranded on either side—a serious matter for these settlers!

The following is the Onion Lake Legend.

Many moons had passed before the paleface came and slaughtered the vast herds of Paskaw, Mootoos, which they named buffalo, then roaming over the land. The territory for miles and miles north of and beyond the great Saskatchewan belonged to the great Cree tribe of Indians. The tribe were wealthy in cattle and horses, were successful in the chase, and famed far and near for their prowess in the wars they waged against other tribes—notably the Chipwegans, holding hunting grounds bordering on the stretch over which the Crees held sway, oft disputed, but never with any degree of success.

All was well with the tribe; for years there had been no drought, the rains had been heavy over the land, making quantities of rich feed for the herds of cayuse and cattle; the snows for winters

past had been deep, so that the furs of the sagweiss, the mink, the nigwick and the otter, were of their heaviest and darkest colour. The depth of the snows had made the mooswa easily tracked and an easy prey to the arrows of the young Indian bucks.

Altogether, plenty reigned, and the heart of the old chief of all the tribe, Achak Akoop, was glad. He smiled on all through the smoke from his *ossagan*, and most of all upon his only daughter Kamewasit. The pride he took in Kamewasit was shared by every member of the tribe, for was she not famed for her beauty, gentleness, and goodness, and also for her skill in bead-work, all over the land, and even to where the great peaks of the Rockies looked up to the sky?—and beyond these, as everyone knew, there was nothing!

Many were the suitors for the hand of the daughter of Achak Akoop, great chief of all the Crees, among the young men of the tribe richest in cattle and ponies—for who but these would dare to lift their eyes to the daughter of Achak Akoop, who reared her comely head where she might? Some there were among the old men of deep knowledge who said that one so beautiful would not be here for long, that she would never wed but some high chief, exalted among the heads of the councils of those who, by command of the gods, had for ages gone from the battlefields to the happy hunting-grounds.

But the women of the tribe, whose years were many, knew better—or thought they did. Had

they not time and again detected, the tell-tale droop of the eyelash and the colour coming to the maiden's cheek when Wapihaw had returned at the head of his band of young bloods, laden with the spoils of the chase, or perchance with many scalps hanging from their belts after a raid upon the thieving Chipwegans?—and, further, had they not seen the eye of Wapihaw soften until it was as the eye of the young fawn? Many times had they not hinted to the old chief of the one who would one day ask to be his son-in-law?

But Achak Akoop only smiled; for his words were not many, and he did not like those whose tongues wagged overmuch; besides, if some day Kamewasit must marry, who was more worthy to be his son-in-law than Wapihaw? Was he not good to look upon, swift as an eagle, brave as the bravest of the tribe, and withal as gentle as the young of the deer? Truly, the wisdom of the old chief had not departed with his years. So the smoke from his *ossagan* ascended to the sun-gods and Achak Akoop smiled quietly to himself.

Now Oochepee, wife of Kokopie, the head medicine-man, had ambitions all her own, and she had long since made up her mind that Kamewasit should be the wife of her son Kichiawaw, who, for his part, was quite complacent, even though the maid did not love him, as he knew. The fame of Oochepee as a Wetego squaw, or witch, was great indeed; so, knowing that Kamewasit had already chosen Wapihaw, she conceived the idea of casting a spell over Wapihaw so that

for some act of Kamewasit he should hate and have nothing to do with her, thus leaving her free to wed with Kichiwaw as she wished.

And so the clouds began to gather across the course of true love, and Oochipee pondered much as to the why and wherefore of many things. She went deep into her lord and master's secret in medicine, and it did not take her long to find out that Kamewasit was fond, even to a passion, of the *wischiki-oskosiw* root, or *onion*, as it was called by the white man of little knowledge. Here, therefore, was the opportunity she had been looking for! Oochipee cast a spell over poor Wapihaw so that he took a violent hatred to the *wischiki-oskosiw* root—a hatred so great that even at the smell of it he would go into a fury, cursing all within range of him.

Now at the proper time of the moon's change Wapihaw and Kamewasit were betrothed with the full rites of the tribe; and when the next moon should be in its second quarter they were to go together to the wigwam which was even then prepared for them by the old squaws of the tribe. Old Achak Akoop, the chief, smoked great quantities of chisternow these days, and when alone would sometimes indulge in satisfied and contented smiles, thinking that truly everything prospered, even to his daughter's marriage with the man of his heart. The hundred head of steers had been driven over by Wapihaw to the chief's herd in exchange for Kamewasit, as was the custom of the tribe, but the old chief was so pleased that he had

secretly made up his mind to return them on the wedding day to the herd of Wapihaw, for his heart was glad—and besides, had he not already large herds?

In the evenings of these days, while the sun was sinking slowly behind the giant mountains in the west, Wapihaw and Kamewasit would wander hand in hand by the shores of the beautiful lake, on the banks of which was built the village of the chief. The waters of the lake were so clear that the vain maidens of the tribe would come to its edge and arrange their tresses while gazing in its depths.

This lake alone of all the number within the borders of the territory of the Crees was without a name—for was it not known that a great medicine-man who lived ages ago had foretold that this lake should be without a name until a tragedy should occur which would give it a name for all time?

So it came to the evening of the day before which Wapihaw and Kamewasit should go together to their own wigwam. Wapihaw, as usual, went to the lodge of the chief and tenderly embraced Kamewasit. Then did the course of true love do anything but run smooth! On the breath of Kamewasit he smelled the hated *wichiki-oskosw* root.

Under the influence of the spell, Wapihaw called down all the curses in his vocabulary upon the head of his betrothed. Who was she, indeed, that she should dare approach him with the smell of the hated onion on her breath?

Poor, tender little Kamewasit, stricken like the leaf of the balm of Gilead before the chinook winds of the late winter, fled from Wapihaw's presence and, with senses benumbed and unseeing eyes, wandered toward the edge of the lake, not knowing what to do in her distress of mind. Blindly she pursued her way; then amongst the trees near the water she paused and held her throbbing heart, but the memory of what her lover had said and his fury towards her overcame her, and she rushed towards the deepest water. She did not attempt to define the cause of Wapihaw's anger—it was enough that he had cursed her and wished her out of his presence. Now she wished for death that she might know no more

As Kamewasit left his presence the spell left Wapihaw. . . . Realising what he had done, and tearing his hair with grief, he ran at his greatest speed in the direction that his love had taken, loudly calling her name. The trail took him to the edge of the high cliff overhanging the placid waters of the lake—and there ended.

Standing on the very edge of the cliff, Wapihaw was heard calling her name and beseeching Kamewasit to come to him. No answer; so he cried again. This time a reply came in the sweet, gentle voice of his love; but it was heard only by Wapihaw, and he knew full well that it was wafted across from the grassy slopes of the happy hunting-grounds in the Great Beyond. Those who followed him saw him for a moment outlined against the

sky with arms outstretched and eyes staring fixedly towards the clouds high above the lake. Then there was seen no figure against the sky—and only the wail of the loons replied to their calls.

Wapihaw's band affirmed that he must have dropped from the cliff to the lake below; that the waters were so anxious to claim him, as a means of re-uniting him to his love, that not even a ripple was left to satisfy the curious. But there were others of great age and wisdom who only smiled and shook their heads. Among these latter was the old chief Achak Akeop, who for the last time filled his *ossagan* with *kinickinic*, like unto the tobacco of the paleface, and when it was all smoked the smile was still upon his face, but his spirit was with his children, far away in the happy hunting-grounds, where the sun always shines and where his forefathers had gone before-time.

Of Oôchepee nothing more was told.

From that time the lake has been called *Wichiki-Oskosiw*, or Onion Lake.

CHAPTER XVIII

PROGRESS FROM 1906

THROUGH the turmoil of the early years and these lively struggles, it would appear as though the Colony scheme were working more in the line of adventure than of progress. But progress was more apparent now with the railroad laid and a regular train service both for freightage and passenger traffic. Nor could be estimated the value of the ploughed lands and the enormous work that had been done far into the country and away from the railroad for forty and fifty miles on all sides, commencing with the centre of the Colony proper—the town of Lloydminster.

The name itself might place before the mind's eye a picture of some quaint, quiet old English hamlet with stone-walled, red-tiled roofed cottages, the ancient manor-house surrounded by its park of stately trees, and beyond these a grey old Norman church, square-towered and half concealed with ivy. But very different, indeed, was the real Lloydminster. Picturesqueness of an old-time kind was not to be found here.

The name stands for "Town of the First Church," and there could be seen the famous log church, one of the chief features of the town—

the town and its church seen for many miles around. "The city that stands upon a hill shall not be hid," yet there was no hill, the prairie not lending itself to frequent eminences. But Lloydminster was situated on the crown of one of the great "rolls" so characteristic of the prairie country, and for miles and miles in every direction the rich prairie land sloped gradually away from the town until lost in the blue haze of the horizon.

Dotted here and there at frequent intervals might be seen the houses and farm-buildings of the homesteader, the bright yellow spots reflected in the sunshine being the new unpainted dwellings of the latest newcomers. Frequent patches of rich black in the vast panorama disclosed the work of the husbandman, denoting soil broken and in seed with the new crop. Those black patches might be seen to grow larger and spread themselves day by day, imperceptibly almost, but none the less steadily.

Teams of oxen and horses could be seen hard at work all day long, and, in places, the smoke of the steam engine, for the district was now wide-awake and steam gang ploughs were in use in many places.

The town itself would cause amazement to the spectator, who learned that only the last autumn had seen the first railroad train strike the place. Before that there were only two means of entry to the district—by trail across country from Saskatoon, 200 miles of prairie with no bridges and many streams and coulees to cross. Later on, as the C.N.R. pushed its main line westward, the

distance was cut in half when New Battleford was reached, but still the roads were heavy and made freighting costly. The only other practical route was down the Saskatchewan River from Edmonton by boat or scow, and after escaping the different sand-bars and rocks in the passage, effecting a landing on the south bank of the stream near old Fort Pitt, about 23 miles north of Lloydminster town.

Building material coming in on the scows had to take its risk, so settlers began to take kindly to the new mode of reaching the new district; and thus the coming in of the railroad marked a new epoch in the Colony's history. Many other settlers now joined in the search for land; they came from the States and from Eastern Canada, and the blend of the characteristics of these three peoples resulted in the growth of a town and the cementing of a community that must last and grow prosperous through all the future.

Amidst these somewhat aggressive but always business-like hustlers from across the international line to the south you would find the nasal twang of the down-east Yankee and the soft drawl of the south, tempered by the native conservatism of the man from Ontario. And these had at their back all the time, and in greater numbers, the dogged, persevering Britishers, who were deeper than any in the business affairs of the town—for this was *their* town, and the place was representative of the district behind them again.

So the prosperous look of things made one feel that comparative ease had been reached after years

of endurance and hard tasks and in the teeth of adversity.

There was at this time a town population of over 600 souls. The buildings were mostly frame, although the number of brick edifices was slowly increasing as the product of the local brickyard increased. New structures were being put up on every hand, both for dwelling and store purposes, and the noise of the workmen was heard incessantly from daybreak until the set of sun.

It was easy to trace the swelling tide of events in this young and thriving town. The storekeeper could serve his wares now in a brick building, heated by furnace, modern and up-to-date in every way; but out behind could be seen the smaller frame concern which last year was more than adequate to hold all his stock. Yes, improvements and increase and progressiveness were doing their part.

Behind these buildings again might be seen the original log-shack, its crevices plastered with mud and the roof thatched with turf or sod. Yet the would-be merchant here placed his goods, and mayhap housed himself at the same time. Now, graded streets were taking the place of the first trails, and sidewalks could be found on all the main thoroughfares and some of the side streets. These, in turn, would be made into cement and permanent walks and boulevards, and that very soon. Public improvements of this kind were taken in hand by private individuals as the town was not yet incorporated. But public spirit was

very much in evidence, and what was a necessity was always done at once. In the stores of the town one could get anything—from needles to ploughs—and could almost buy at Winnipeg prices.

At this period the following stores were in being:

- 5 General Stores.
- 3 Lumber or Timber Yards.
- 2 Hardware Stores.
- 3 Hotels.
- 1 Bank.
- 5 Restaurants.
- 1 Brickyard.
- 2 Barbers' Shops.
- 3 Millinery Shops.
- 3 Bakeries.
- 1 Newspaper Office.
- 4 Butchers' Shops.
- 2 Law Offices.
- 2 Blacksmiths' Shops.
- 1 Spirit Store.
- 1 Chopping Mill.
- 3 Implement Firms.
- 2 Drug Stores.
- 3 Real Estate and Insurance Offices.
- 3 Firms of Contractors.
- 2 Furniture Stores.
- 2 Livery Stables.
- 2 Harness Stores.
- 3 Land Guides.
- 1 Seed and Fruit Store.
- 2 Tailors' Shops.

There was a good general hospital equipped with all modern appliances for the alleviation of suffering, and two medical doctors were located permanently in the town. There were three churches, all well attended; almost every well-known religious denomination had representatives in the town. There was a good public school, with two teachers, attended by almost 100 children.

A Government Immigration Hall was here, well-built and commodious in every way, where newcomers could secure accommodation while arranging to move out on the land, and where they could store their effects meanwhile.

What a change—when compared with three years ago!

The practical man who would leave home and kindred, and possibly affluent circumstances, to settle in an *entirely strange country*, where he must start at the very bottom of the ladder—in the majority of cases an upward climb of great difficulty, with probable loss of the money he has already with him—with no friends and no comrades to share in a genuine way his sympathies or sentiments of home, would do better to seek an independence in a British country, such as Canada, where are his kindred, who would share his feelings of the homeland, still further engendered by distance. He would find that the British sporting trait had here a new lease, the air giving a very zest to his ambition to "go one better than the other fellow," and yet robbing it of any bitterness of opposition, for there is scope for all. He would

find the feeling that the success of the one is the mutual success of *all*. What a different feeling was often evidenced in many a little twopenny district at home—the petty jealousies at the success or good fortune of the small farmer and his oat crop, or the small storekeeper.

Help would be proffered gratis, and willing advice given by the free and open Westerner, keen to have people from the old land settle near him, knowing full well the benefits to be gained by them and himself. He does not want an "alien" neighbour. The newcomer would notice a lack of convention. Freedom and independence of movement would be his from the moment of arriving. He could speak to the man in the most affluent circumstances with the utmost freedom from restraint of any kind, for both would have objects in common to talk over—the one, to find out ways and means; the other to impart that knowledge, glad to help another by reason of his world of experience gained when he himself was a poor man seeking independence.

The history of the Barr Colonists is a typical example of people who sought an independence and got more. They did not *all* become wealthy, but all became independent, having a comfortable living, whilst many obtained wealth, enjoying life and the things it gives. They had enlarged their sphere of labour and opportunity, and the loss to them of certain pleasures, social customs and friendly ties, which they had left behind in the old country brought them the counter gain of new

environment and a new comradeship of effort and ambition, which were far and away ahead of anything they had forfeited.

"The higher the aim the better the shot."

The Barr Colonists, individually, sought an independence, and their combined efforts were, after a few years, crowned with success—the peopling of a country of 400 miles in extent, teeming with stock and grain, towns every few miles, and a railroad throughout its length.

In the succeeding years, and with the railroad coming through, the district filled up rapidly, so that the free homestead lands became a thing of the past except in the far-out districts. ~~Railroad lands—that is, C.P. Railway Holdings—are~~ the only vacant lands to be had to-day, the whole trend of these—and land in a farming country—is to increase in value per acre.

Possibly this change in values has shown itself more distinctly in the past five years of war, as prices of stock, food stuffs, and grains of all kinds have risen abnormally in value; the farmer is doing well and, notwithstanding an occasional bad crop season intervening, is a fortunate producer in a world of unrest to-day. He is now able, for the first time, to say what price he wants for his produce—and to get it, too. The world waits on him to-day and the individual envies him his position. For truly he is living an independent, free life, with no Labour Union to dictate how many hours he shall work or what pay he must give his hired man. His family are his labourers

in a good many instances, and theirs is a partnership of labour and success. The free life, combined with an open-air occupation, gives zest and charm to life, while the younger members of the family grow up in an atmosphere of unrestraint—and consequently with broader views of mankind in general.

Thus do we look for a broad citizenship, based on freer institutions than ever, in the future. For in the educational system Canada certainly holds a great power for good; and in political, social, industrial and religious life, the privileges are incalculable and no people enjoy more in this respect.

These truly are the things that determine the quality of a people and their position amongst the nations of the world. Canada's social distinctions are based more on personal worth and merit—or what the man himself has done—rather than upon the heredity of blue-bloodedness and old-time conventions.

The late Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, on his visit to the West in 1909, paid Lloydminster town the honour of a visit. Sir Wilfred, on alighting at the station, received many addresses of welcome from the various bodies in the neighbourhood in addition to the warm reception of the Town Council. A large platform was erected, capable of seating a considerable number of people—farmers, etc., who travelled to the town specially to meet the veteran statesman. Amongst the many addresses presented were those of the

Lloydminster and District Agricultural Association, the United Farmers of Alberta, the Liberal Association, the Imperial South African Veterans. A large delegation of Cree Indians from Onion Lake were present, and their address, in the native language, was presented through an interpreter.

The Premier, in his reply to the various bodies, commented on the growth of the Colony and showed a live interest in its various branches of activity, also a wonderful memory of the early times of its precarious history. Indeed, with the capital of the Dominion so far removed, it was refreshing to know that the somewhat chequered career of the settlers of those times was so well known by the Government heads, and that the Colony movement of the British settlers was watched by all classes in Canada with deep interest and much concern, for quite a period.

From the expectations of a crop in 1903 to the doubtful one—so far as big yield was concerned—of 1907 was a far cry. All the work and yet more work, from which nothing resulted but disappointment—and a little oats, barley, and wheat. It is true that an individual farmer, here and there, got a crop, but so far as general progress in agriculture, there was none. This idea of a grain country had obsessed the people, and the Government too; for the advice was to break all the prairie possible and sow grain. Stock, cattle and hogs were a back number in people's minds. The "Number One Hard" was the only thing! And so there were successive crop failures; with

early frosts this was ~~only to be expected~~ in such a raw district, far removed from civilisation. Folk seemed to think that Nature could be rushed or hustled and a proposition of this sort stuffed down the throat of old Father Time. But Nature, ever slow and certain in her movements, would have none of it. All would take time.

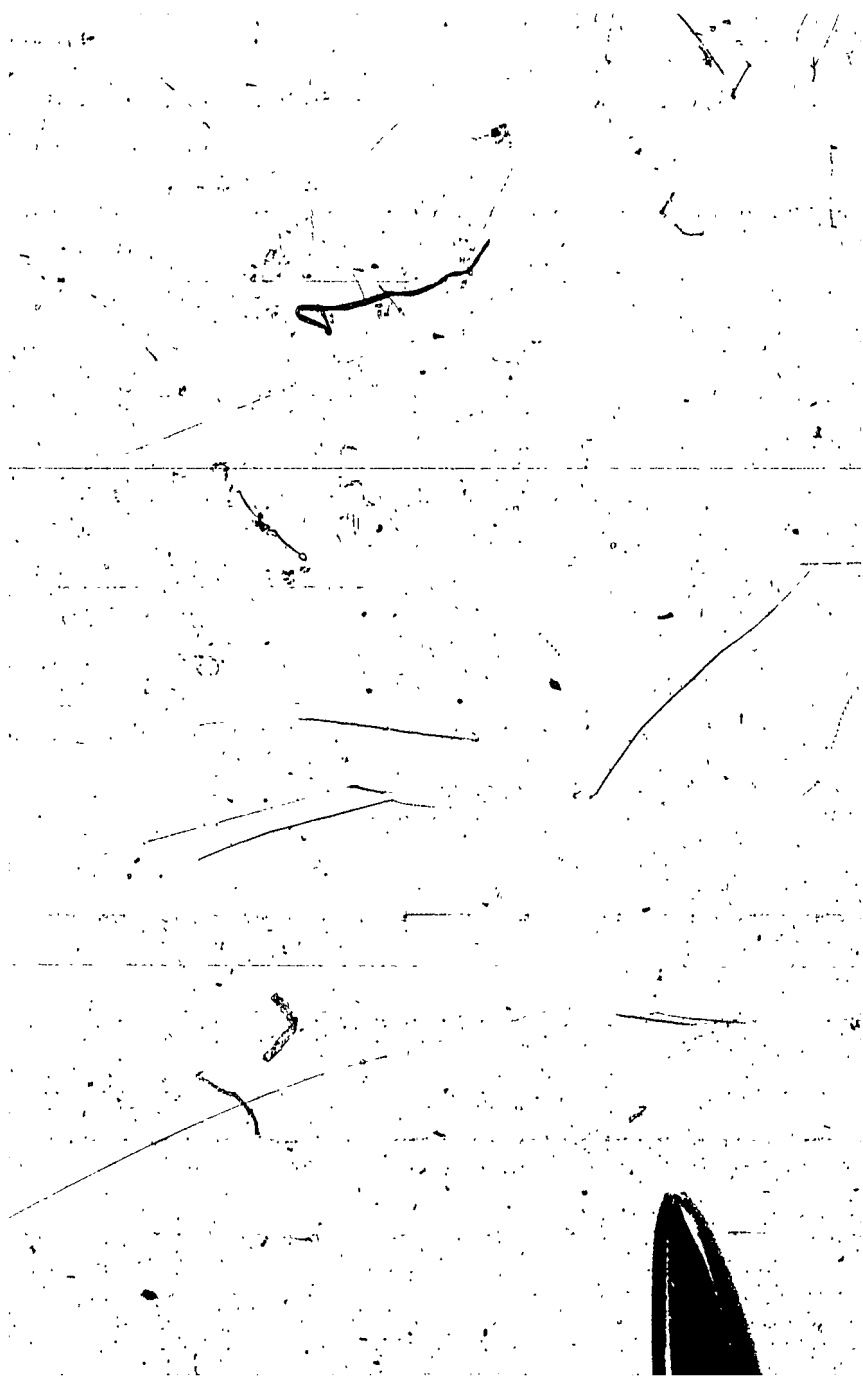
By changing over to mixed farming, and the buying of a few head of cattle and some hogs—for people had very little money and required to go slowly—things began to brighten, and, meanwhile, what crops were still being put in began to give decent yields in the years 1908-1910, and the following years' crops were also good.

All being now on their feet, money began to be plentiful, and this was seen in the purchase of additional land to each farmstead. But this came only by the adoption of mixed farming ideas—the backbone of an agricultural district.

These, in the main, have been the chief opening phases of the Barr Colony life. Lloydminster town to-day, with a population of some 2,000 persons, is the central point of the district; whilst Vermilion, Kitscoty, Marshall, Lashburn, etc., are within the Colony region and represent its outlying portions east and west; while to the north, away across the river to townships 53 and 54, and to the Battle River in the south, are its limits.

What changes other railways coming into the district will make it is hard to estimate, but the present Canadian Pacific Railway branch, projected from the Cutknife Creek going north-west to strike

the town of Lloydminster on its east side, and crossing the Meridian road into Alberta, just on the northern edge of the town limits, is bound to have its beneficial effect on land prices and open the district more to transit facilities for outlying farm country.





SANDY BEACH, NEAR LLOYDMINSTER.

CHAPTER XIX

SUMMER IN WINTER AT SANDY BEACH

WINTER in Canada conveys to the outside world the idea of an all-gripping extremity of cold. Writers of the old days of trappers and Hudson Bay trading-posts, of dog-teams and packs racing through the ice-bound land, gave us many and thrilling accounts that were of a more or less shivering nature. Rarely did these people speak of, or compare, the Indian's life at such times. In other words, the Indian or warm and summer-like climates, are terms almost kindred to each other—so how can the reader make two extremes such as the idle sun-basking Red man and an excessive cold time agree?

It is not sought by any means to affirm that the severe winter of this country is all moonshine; not for a moment. But that this impression of an all-cold Canadian winter should not be taken too literally. For the Indian is a native of the country, and with all his love of ease, heat, and simplicity of living, he would never have consented to live in it, but rather would have migrated to the warmer southern climate, for his habits are of a roving kind; and the fact remains to-day that

he is in the country winter and summer, rain or snow, roving through and enjoying it, hunting betimes, when he is not on his reservation ensconced in his wigwam.

Looking at a map of the world, one finds that the latitude of the old country and Canada are practically the same.

A few days past the middle of December 1919 the soft break in the weather commenced, for winter had set in somewhat earlier and more severely than usual after the fall. Over a whole month had now elapsed with the temperature often at zero, rarely below it during the day, and often scarce at freezing point then. Old Sol was shining his best, his full rays melting the top crust of shining snows around, a still, even atmosphere, and a blue and cloudless sky like to summer.

We sat looking out of the window by the lake at Sandy Beach. All the big expanse of water was now a frozen mass, and snow-covered, yet one could hardly fancy it was winter, with this bright sunlight bathing the whole lake and surrounding country.

The ice-covered lake looked like a huge race-track with its white surface and flat contours; one almost expected the horses to appear and the accompanying crowd of sightseers, for summer in winter was actually here, and the Beach brought back thought of past picnics and yearly outings.

The evening drew on apace and the golden sunset in the west shed a flood of lingering saffron-coloured hues around. The hills to the east of the meridian

seemed bathed in its almost ruddy glare, the snow glinting back in answer with a million sparkles. It changed again, and then appeared an almost mirage-like effect in low horizon—as of waters amongst the thin lines of cloud, amidst which the sun now disappeared. Gradually the clouds became a straight line, then again breaking up into a number of island-like dots, appeared as though the mythical waters and they were one. Though the sun was now gone the sky effects in the west were wonderful and ever-changing—ruby, sapphire, emerald and saffron blending into hues not describable, anon appearing as though a smouldering fire had engulfed their almost unnatural blendings.

Unnatural? Nay! but were a scene of this description transferred to canvas the artist would be accused of having made nature unnatural! How often does the city person see a picture of this kind in a gallery and pronounce it unreal because he has not ever seen the glory in reality?

It was the middle of January now, without a sign of the weather breaking. A month of summer-winter, and yet this was nothing unusual; last winter there was but a fortnight of real cold-below-zero weather, an open winter with poor sleighing and little snowfall.

This January summer weather was even more delightful, and lots of work could be done and enjoyed. The sun seemed to strike even fiercer, as though to dispel the winter snows and make believe that summer was here in earnest. All nature rejoiced—even the birds proclaimed their

content. The cattle and horses ran freely over the golden stubble, seeking fresh feed, and scampered about enjoying their freedom, the only sound of discord being the farmer wheat-hauler who foresees poor sleighing ahead with this continual good weather, though at the same time he rejoices—as who would not do—in a winter-summer month?

The evening lengthened out, and presently the moon, glorious as only the snow-clad prairie shows him, rose slowly in the east. As we looked along the high rising banks of the lake we thought of Lorenzo and Jessica:—

*"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears."*

And what would Canada do without the snow? we thought—this easy means of transit meaning so much to the great winter haulage of its timber, its wheat, and the hundred and one things to be moved, for good sleighing means snow, and snow means big loads that mere wheels could not move. The pleasant jingle of the bells as the horses in the cushioned "cutter" skim down the trail give out music as they speed along that makes one feel light-hearted. The pleasant and exhilarating motion downhill resembles the switchback aerial railway, whilst the passing landscape and snow effect are always varying in contour and beauty.

On a good snow-beaten trail or road the pedestrian finds a wealth of enjoyment and exercise; the

keen air, while not too cold, is bracing, and the exercise tends to keep the whole body warm. What better exercise could one have than walking, say, four or five miles in bright sunlight over snow-beaten roads on a fine January morning?—or the pleasant motion on horseback, scampering over the trail, the animal seeming to have taken fresh spirits with the frosty air and curvetting and capering in his delight, keen to gallop as though enjoying the sunshine and eager to make the most of it.

The Canadian spring is of short duration, yet brings the hopeful, airy-like feelings of vim and elixir to those who have looked for it through the long winter. There is a softness in the "chinook" wind that heralds its approach, and almost immediately the summer bursts. In fact, spring might be more properly called seeding-time, as with it commences the busy season and the inertia of winter is thrown off.

The man or woman who does not like this happy springtime, with all its sunshine and throbs of hope, of great things to be done, of a possible record crop . . . if they cannot rejoice in these things there is no hope for them.

One has described the seasons of Canada as summer and winter, with a "fall" or late Indian summer, which in the old land is called autumn. Anyway, summer would be in full swing by June and the prairie flowers in full bloom by July—even the tiger lilies. Though the heat is extreme throughout this season yet the nights are invariably cool, the higher elevation—an average of

2,200 feet above sea level in the Lloydminster country—tending towards this result.

When we think of the close, sultry days, followed by hot, stuffy nights, in other lands, where it is impossible to sleep, these long, cool nights are ideal in their realisation. The growing season is on, and with longer daylight and sunshine all the time, is it any wonder that wheat will mature in 90-100 days from time of seeding? It is not done in any other country. With the end of September comes the fall, and the hazy, lazy Indian summer is upon one right up to November. The tiresome mosquito that troubled man and beast during the early summer is gone for the year; the cluck-cluck of the heavy prairie chicken is heard wherever one goes, full fed with the grain in the stook—for harvest operations are in full swing and threshing commenced.

There is no sadness in this "fall"—it is rather a summer gladness carried right up to the commencement of the first snowfall, and after; for with the land freezing up, in the middle of November, the summer sun is still shining, though not so powerful by far. In December it is still mild, but the nights are keen and winter is said to have set in by the fact that operations on the land are at an end, and only threshing gangs are busy, and grain-hauling to the elevators is in evidence. If ploughing is not possible, many other things are, and the activity up to the middle of January on a farm would surprise an old-country farmer.

With February comes the tug of war, for the

glass has dropped considerably and varies only in extremes of cold. Stock, where not housed well, or with scanty feed, are bound to suffer. Clothing must be of substantial material, and furs are necessary when driving. The wind, during a cold spell, is the killer, and where this is absent and conditions of clothing equal, there is nothing more pleasant or bracing than a sleigh ride behind a good team—even with the glass down to 25 degrees below zero.

During the summer and winter season very little overhead moisture or rains fall, in fact, winter does not, in the normal way, know of any rain. The frost penetrating into the earth up to a depth of 6 feet is the secret of the growths, for as it has taken three or four months by slow degrees to penetrate to this depth, so in the growing season it comes out in moisture as slowly.

By the 1st of April a break appears in the winter, and an occasional "chinook" gives the signal now of an end to the snow. As the days progress towards the middle of the month the spring comes, and the white mantle disappears in a few days, whilst the sun's rays that have shone throughout the entire winter become much stronger, and ploughing begins in earnest.

The winter is gone.

CHAPTER XX

DR. LLOYD'S LATER WORK

As the founder of the town which bears his name, and which testifies to his good work, Dr. Lloyd's personality and characteristics might be summed up in the word—energy. He proved himself to be a man who could not look on or wait, perhaps in a sense impatient, but all to a good end. Once he saw and knew what was needed, while others merely "thought" he jumped in and did it.

His present great scheme of education for the alien in our midst—the Russian Doukhobors, Mennonites, Ukrainian and Ruthenian peasants—is surely a grand and national work. His idea of bringing in by means of education in our British ways these peoples who are amongst us, of showing them a sympathetic or helping hand, and of making them partakers in our common citizenship, and in a real sense, fellow-workers in this great Dominion, is surely a worthy ideal which must appeal to all lovers of their country.

Nevertheless, Dr. Lloyd is not an encourager of alien immigration; no man has raised his voice more than he against the means by which a past Government, years ago, opened the ports to a questionable class of foreigner. As a notable

result take the lamentable strike in Winnipeg, and the attempt to foist a Soviet Government by the extremists of these people on the city. A serious state of affairs prevailed there for some time, whilst Montreal, Vancouver, Calgary, and other points affected, watched developments in order to come in once this initial attempt was successful. So, these people being here—hating law and order—beneath the shelter of their own language, what secret and dark work might not be hatched!

In some country districts, where there were enough of one nationality to form a community group, such was formed. In many instances the members of these miniature foreign colonies were permitted to establish municipal and district organisations, the business of which was conducted in a foreign tongue unintelligible to the one or more of the English-speaking minority representatives. The minute-books were often kept in a foreign language, rendering it almost impossible for an official auditor to make a proper audit and report as to how the taxes were collected and spent by the committee. They were also allowed to organise school districts, with foreign names painted on the school-houses, in some instances in their own language, and to engage teachers of their own nationality to instruct the children of different nationalities, not in their own language, but in the foreign language of the majority; thus the moving away or the arrival of a family or two often led to the conducting of the school in a differ-

ent foreign language from that of the previous year. These schools, which were given Government grants, educated the young foreigners away from the English language, away from our business methods, and away from the Canadian ideas and ideals of citizenship. If we allowed the absence of method in training his children to the alien, it is only reasonable that we should now assume responsibility for the results.

We not only allowed but encouraged foreigners to live in colonies in the cities, in industrial camps, and in the rural districts of the country—overlooking the fact that to recognise a community of foreigners as such is to perpetuate the foreign spirit, which they might otherwise have been quite ready to sink. This tended to segregate them according to nationalities and gave them opportunities to establish their old-land forms of community life, without regard for or knowledge of Canadian ideals or requirements. Nor was any attempt made in these instances to introduce them to higher things in the lives of self-governing citizens.

It is admitted in the West that the foreigner settler cultivates his land faithfully in most cases, and that he is a primary producer. If he has brought us a problem he has also paid his way, has paid his taxes, and otherwise has acted largely up to his responsibility and thus has helped out the country in production in the stressful time of war.

How, then, are these problems to be dealt with?

It is certain that something must be done, *and at once*, similar to what Dr. Lloyd has started with such vigour.

Let the country manfully and at once grapple with this problem. As to shipping aliens out of the country, lock, stock, and barrel, for humane motives this is not possible in the present state of a half-starved Europe. In the aggregate there are a few millions to be thus disposed of, and Canada requires their labour, since British emigration is in the re-arranging state owing to lack of transportation. We accept a bad situation with a good grace and seek to make these people better citizens by means of our British laws and love of fair play. Let us go amongst them, and by education and practice of the Christian virtues, show them the advantages to be derived under a free flag. The extremists, of course, should be deported, for in the main the great bulk of these people are simple, and follow only the leaders who speak their language and tell them what suits their schemes.

But one language can be possible in this country, and it should be insisted on—the commercial language of the civilised world! This is a matter for legislation to-day.

It is no good to just speak of these things. Action is necessary. By going amongst our foreign friends of good report, by taking them by the hand, and by performing kindly acts for them, we would show them the real thing and win them to good citizenship. Whether on the prairie plain or the city boulevard, kindness can win out and

our Canadian ways will not be confounded with the cold English airs with which the British are often credited.

The vastness of Canada, the diversity of its sections, and the great distances which separate them, create the most formidable of the difficulties that surround this serious problem. One price of Canada's vastness is—that it is difficult to create a common public opinion in the whole country on this question, to say nothing of the obstacles in the way for concentration so as to make it effective at the capital. The problem of education in national affairs alone is one of immense difficulty, but it is for every true Canadian to regard this racial question as one of the difficulties which exist in their world—only to be overcome. The goal towards which every true Canadian should work is Canadian national unity and the cohesion of all.

There can be no virtue in the toleration of anything which saps the foundation of a nation; and the time has now come when the Canadian people, weary of the disturbing influence of those without Canadian ideals, should take practical means to show that *Canada is a country for Canadians* or those loyal to its citizenship, and that those who do not like Canadian ways must be told, with more firmness than ever before, to behave themselves or get out.

What do we offer to the young lad of our Colony to-day when we have more opportunity to do so.

than years ago? For if we are not careful this young man will take wings unto himself and fly away—as he did in many cases during the last four or five years, and to his credit to the war. Now that he is back again, and things are humdrum, what is to hold him?

Unfortunately most rural districts do not appreciate the young men of their respective neighbourhoods to the extent they should until they are deprived of the services of a good many of them. Young people must have amusement as well as work; it is therefore the duty of the adults of each neighbourhood to assist the young people, by suggestion and encouragement in their recreations, so that they may enjoy life in the right way while they possess the bubbling enthusiasm of youth.

There are many ways in which this can be done, and it is surprising how willingly as a rule the youngsters will fall into line and help along any likely form of entertainment that is suggested. Inducement for leadership must be offered the young people if they are expected to show the stuff they are made of. Our militia cavalry or infantry offers a fine chance in this respect, as nearly all of our rural parts have a troop or company, if not regimental headquarters like Lloydminster. This class of recreation is healthy and tends to form character and firmness, whether the young lad be in the ranks or on the commissioned list.

The community that does not offer the industrious ambitious young people a chance of this

kind will certainly lose them and they will drift off to the larger towns and cities which offer their glamour of amusement and high wages.

The social and progressive ideals of the neighbourhood have much to do with the interest the young people take in their community. If the ideals are low, also the industrial standards, and progress at a low rate, young people of the proper calibre cannot be expected to be enthusiastic and zealous for the district. They will rather be inclined to seek elsewhere those forms of labour and recreation which offer them a field of advancement and pleasure.

Whilst young people are full of ambition they like contest and conquest. They are usually anxious for a chance to lead in some kind of progressive undertaking. Seize this opportunity then—encourage such a virtue—keep these boys with us! Stimulate their interest in those things which make for the betterment of their district; start a better-road movement, enlist them in a campaign for better rural schools, get them to take part in social district meetings, debates, literary societies, etc.—give them something to be enthusiastic about. If there is no organisation in which the ambitious youth of your district can have an outlet, then start in and have one at once.

"There is no noble life without a noble aim."

The young man who has a low aim will never rise above it. The young man with a high aim in life may possibly fail to reach it; but he will rise

higher and attain greater success in life than if his aim had been low or his ambitions indefinite. The young lad of to-day is the young man of to-morrow, and the trying time is when he has just left school and the farm offers no allurements for him. He must have something more to hold him than what he sees around, or in work he is not interested in.

We have all been lads ourselves, and in our youth have dreamt dreams of greater things to be. Let us then endeavour to draw out the latent powers for good in our boys and give them all the best chance—a chance even greater than we ourselves ever had. Thus shall we have done our part and duty for our generation. For all we know we may have brought to light and helped such another as the great MacDonald or the noble Champlain

CHAPTER XXI

COME AND JOIN US

THE lapse of time has brought many changes, or rather developments, in the life of Lloydminster and the Colony generally, but possibly none more remarkable than the climatic change experienced, here, as well as in a large portion of the West. The effects of cultivation of a virgin land are exemplified in its now moderate climate as compared with the severe times of the first settlement.

That climatic changes of a potential nature are here is beyond doubt, and the some-time theory of cultivation changing a climate is here proved in the period mentioned. Large areas or tracts of land, coming under the "taming influence" of the plough, are converted from wild plains into peaceable pastures and cultivated fields, and with the continued growth of crops as years go by the change in atmospheric conditions is truly hard to estimate.

Changes of as potent a nature are also evident—the almost entire disappearance of the early fall frost and the consequent success of wheat-growing of a "No. 1 Hard" variety, as well as of other cereals. The securing of the World's Prize by

Hill & Sons for oats of extraordinary merit is a sufficient proof of this change in a practically new country.

Civilisation and railway development are synonymous terms, and so to-day it is hard to realise those old days and what they meant to the pioneers; and it is harder almost for the present day new-comer to the district to understand those hard times—when patience was a necessity rather than a virtue—as he sits on his far-out farm and, perchance, telephones to the town or city for the latest quotations for grain; or to the doctor for assistance; or, failing this, motors in a few minutes on a good road for what is required. It sets one's imagination busy to grasp it!

As a district now known far and wide Lloydminster is probably unique—for out of the famous Barr Colony Scheme, which was pronounced a failure in the Press, and in the letters and correspondence of the pessimists, to-day it forces itself to the forefront of the agricultural world by its ultimate triumph and points to others to "take hold" and follow on.

Possibly there is not another district similar to the Lloydminster region in tradition and love of the sentimental, combined with that sense of initiative to grasp opportunities amongst its people. Music, which tends to soften and make the surroundings happy, is here, in the home, in the church, and in public assemblies—an ever-interesting source of amusement and education. The Lloydminster Church Choir has competed success-

fully with choirs of the cities and has won the prize and become champions of their Province.

As to their fighting men ; in times of peace, has not their Rifle Association from the early days had a record number on its roll ? In the West, in shooting competitions with provincial teams, it has been second to none for marksmanship. Its Militia Cavalry in camp has come first for numbers of men on parade, and in the " Attack of a position " won the famous " Roblin Cup," presented as a trophy for dash and horsemanship. For here were veterans of Britain to show their sons the War game in mimic fight. Truly, the lion's whelps were being trained as their warrior sires were before them.

Whilst the Great War still throws its shadows over the world, the town and district mourns its quota stricken on the field, yet glories in the splendid sacrifice of its manhood to the Empire's cause. Never does the returned soldier regret the material losses of his farm, his business, or his one-time home, for his gain in self-respect and pride is greater again. But he has come back after years to find a prosperity never before within his reach—and farther outside it now owing to his having been away . . . whilst the " slacker " remained in the midst of it ! Who shall describe the feelings of the soldier ? These are sacred, and can only be shared by his soldier comrades ; for others do not understand, and never will, the privilege and meaning of it all. The old Battalion . . . the colours—God bless them ! . . . the Band. . . . Yes,

rather would a man forswear his kin and kind than lose such feelings as only he can have who has fought for the Empire! Dollars by the thousand could not purchase them, nor deals in wheat ever equal this true comradeship of arms.

And so this soldier feeling that in the past so helped the Pioneers was the very backbone of the movement—they all showed it, from Soldier Lloyd right down, and it will always be the inspiring theme of the Colony.

The country wants workers. Remittance men are rarely successful in the country; the man who has nothing works hard, and once gaining a start gets ahead; he also, knowing adversity at the start, is careful of his savings and husbands them accordingly. He looks before he leaps, and by consistent hard work and discretion forges ahead. The Barr Colonists bear witness to this. The leading men to-day were once poor men, but, nevertheless, rich in spirit and sound common sense. This must win out in the long run—history has proved it again and again.

An important matter that engages the serious attention of parents before setting out to a new land is education. In Canada education is probably in the foremost rank of any country—not even excepting the old land—that is, as regards the elementary or the Board School stage, and the facilities of procuring it are great, even in the newest settled or prairie districts.

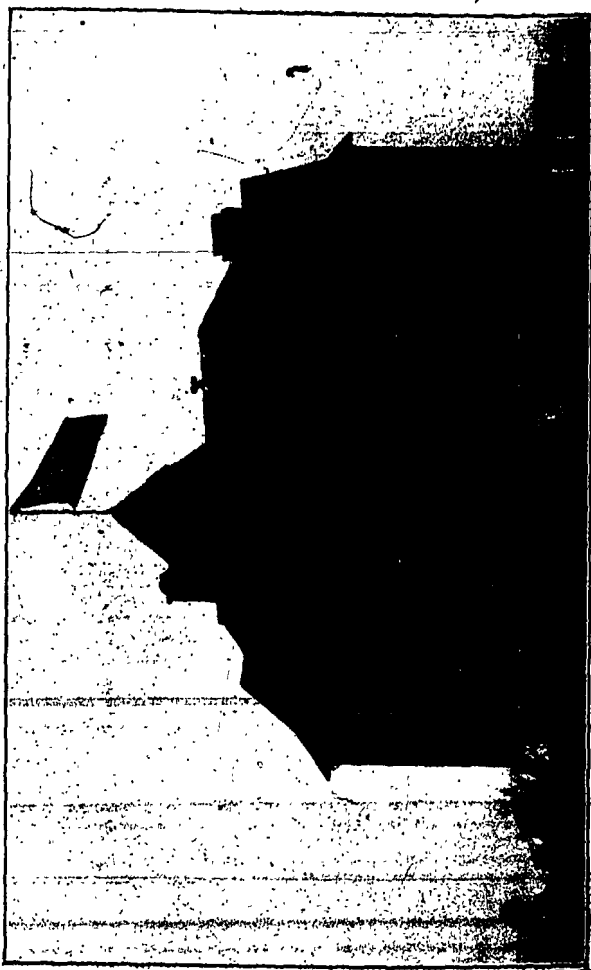
Government provides that in every township surveyed there shall be what is called the "School

Section"—640 acres—and no matter when the survey was, or when the particular township was settled and peopled, even should fifty years have elapsed, this school land remains, and eventually its sale, rental, etc., provide the money for education and the building of schools in the township. In this way was excellent provision made for education by the early Governments.

To-day, if a few families in a new district desire a school and teacher, a school is built and a qualified teacher procured for upwards of a dozen pupils, and everything is free—even to books. Pupils are instructed, in addition to elementary work, in useful subjects, such as knowledge of agriculture and the descriptions of noxious and troublesome weeds, by illustration and demonstration. The symbol of freedom—the Union Jack—is saluted by the pupils on special occasions and its meaning explained to them. Often we find High Schools in the most out-of-the-way districts; and a slight increase in the school rate provides for these schools.

From the school, then, we find boys going to the numerous Agricultural Colleges provided by Government, and the most up-to-date implements are in use at the Government demonstration farms and dairies.

Thus it is that a boy leaving school or college at twenty years of age enters for, and obtains, his 160 acre free land grant, and so his young mind is full of useful knowledge when he starts in on up-to-date farming. What a great future is before



ONE OF THE LLOYDMINSTER SCHOOLS OF TO-DAY.



a youngster in this country!—unlike the majority of newcomers, who have so much to *unlearn* before they can grasp the new thought and action of life that seems to spur everything in this new land.

There is not only no time to stand still—there is no *desire* to do so. Everybody moves and everybody is busy, therefore it is no place for the idle man to spend his life; no one wants him, he is in the way, he is called a “bum”—a useless person, no good to himself or the country. *You* old land people can give our Canada the right people, the best people; those who have ambition yet without the means to realise it; those who fought for Empire and survived, the bone and sinew of the people with energy to do things. She does not want your off-casts, but your *best*, your intellect and brains, and feels the best is only her due and their reward. What a grand chance is here for the Empire! In twenty-five years what could not be accomplished were a proper organisation of emigration set going? For truly the natural gifts this country has will be outpoured with a lavish hand to those that seek them. Will you have the alien take the land? Certain as it is that this country wants a people, so surely will *some people* fill it—and who are these future citizens to be?

Canada is a British country, and for the *British peoples* to take hold of, an outlet, a safety-valve at the present moment, an insurance policy granted for the simple taking, for the Empire and its work for all time. Remember this: your *best*

of the people of all trades and classes, either for the eastern provinces or for the great western prairies that are uncultivated to-day, yet to-morrow's dawn will see an ever-increasing development in their life, which time alone and the end of things can stay.

It may be said that this demand for the best of our British people as emigrants is too great, too ambitious. But surely the great spirit that prompted and permeated this land at the outbreak of war, and during its continuance, has not been without its effect on the Mother Country; for the deep-seated feeling then proclaimed was of no uncertain sound, but noble in effort and ambitious in effect. The highest ideals of our people were touched, and the response from every quarter paved the way for a tradition that Canada will ever revere. And so we seek to build on this foundation a still mightier people, knowing we have the land and resources awaiting them.

Walt Whitman possibly had Clive and Champlain and the other great pioneers of ancient days in view when he wrote:—

PIONEERS.

Have the elder races halted?

Do they drop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?

*We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers, O Pioneers.*

COME AND JOIN US

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*All the past we leave behind ;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and the march,
Pioneers, O Pioneers.*

*We detachments steady throwing
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown
ways,
Pioneers, O Pioneers.*

*We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines
within ;
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil up-
heaving,
Pioneers, O Pioneers.*

APPENDIX

A SUMMARY OF THE FREE LAND REGULATIONS IN CANADA UNDER WHICH THE BARR COLONY MADE PROGRESS

Note.—Crown lands in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario are controlled by the respective local Government, In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and a certain area in British Columbia, they are administered by the Dominion Government at Ottawa.

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA.

In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta land is surveyed into square blocks six miles each way; such a block being called a township.

Each township contains 36 sections.

A section contains 640 acres and forms one mile square. Each quarter-section contains 160 acres.

Sections Nos. 11 and 29 are reserved by the Government for School purposes.

Sections Nos. 8 and 26 for sale by the Hudson's Bay Company.

Any quarter-section vacant and available of Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or any male over

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eighteen years of age, who is a British subject or declares his intention to become a British subject, on payment of an entry fee of ten dollars, or about £2.

A widow having minor children of her own dependent on her for support is permitted to make homestead entry as the sole head of her family.

Entry must be made in person, either at the land office for the District, or at the office of a Sub-Agent authorised to transact business in the District, except in the case of a person who may make proxy entry (for a homestead only) for a father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister, when duly authorised by the prescribed form, which may be had from the nearest Government Agent. Proxy entries cannot be made at a Sub-Agency.

A homesteader may perform residence duties by living in a habitable house on homestead for six months in each of three years.

A homesteader may perform the required six months residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership of land will not meet this requirement.

If the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him or her, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him or her in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister, as the case may be. The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

A homesteader performing residence duties while living with relatives or on farming land owned by himself, must so notify Agent for District and keep him informed as to his post-office address. Otherwise his entry is liable to be cancelled.

Six months' time is allowed after entry before beginning residence.

A homesteader is required to have cultivated such an area of land in each year upon the homestead as is satisfactory to the Minister (the usual requirement is 30 acres broken and 20 acres cropped at the end of three years.)

When the duties are performed under regulations permitting residence in vicinity, 50 acres must be broken (of which 30 must be cropped).

Application for patent may, on completion of duties, be made by Homesteader before the Agent or a Sub-Agent for District.

Pre-emption.—In certain Districts of Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta an additional quarter-section may be pre-empted by a person who has secured a homestead, but who has not previously obtained a pre-emption under any Dominion Lands Act. The pre-empted land must adjoin the homestead or be separated therefrom by only a road allowance. Entry fee, ten dollars, or about £2.

Duties.—1. Residence of six months in each of six years on either homestead or pre-emption. 2. Erection of a habitable house on either homestead or pre-emption. This includes the time necessary to earn homestead patent. 3. Cultivation of 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption or both. Payment for pre-emption, 12s. per acre, as follows: One-third purchase money at end of three years from date of entry, balance in five equal annual instalments with interest at 5 per cent. from date of pre-emption entry.

Newly-arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion land office, or at the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, information as to lands open for entry, and from the officers in-charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit.

TIMBER FOR HOMESTEADERS.

Any occupant of a homestead quarter-section having no timber of his own suitable for the purpose hereinunder mentioned, may, providing he has not previously obtained a free allowance of timber, obtain a permit to cut such quantity of building timber, fencing timber or fuel, as he may require for use on the land he owns and occupies, not exceeding the following :

(a) Three thousand lineal feet of building timber, no log to be over 12 inches at the butt end unless the timber is cut from dry trees, in which case timber of any diameter may be taken.

Should the building timber be sawn at a mill, the permittee will be entitled to receive free from dues 9,250 feet, of board measure, of lumber therefrom, and no more.

(b) Four hundred roof poles to be used for such purposes.

(c) Five hundred fence posts, 7 feet long, and not to exceed 5 inches at the small end.

(d) Two thousand fence rails.

Should the house timber be sawn at a mill, payments for sawing must not be made by way of toll, as the full quantity of lumber cut from the logs must be used on the permit-holder's homestead.

Homesteaders and all *bona fide* settlers whose farms may not have thereon a supply of timber, or who are not in possession of wood lots or other timber lands, will be granted a free permit to take and cut dry timber for their own use on their farms for fuel and fencing.